

CHANDAMAMA

SEPTEMBER 1979

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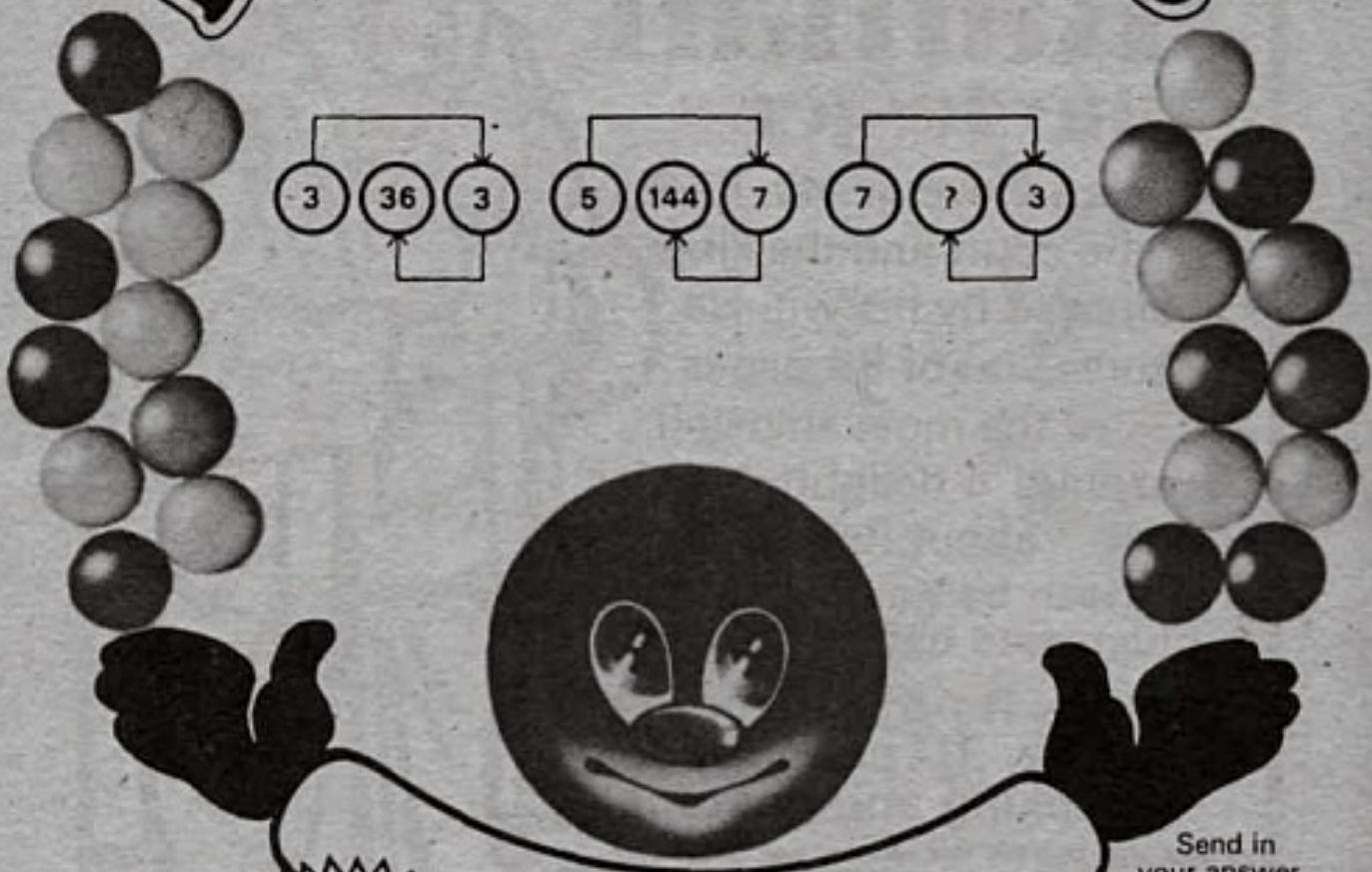
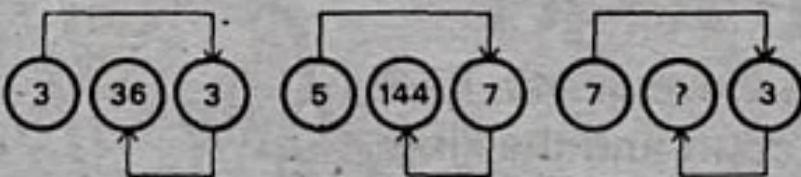
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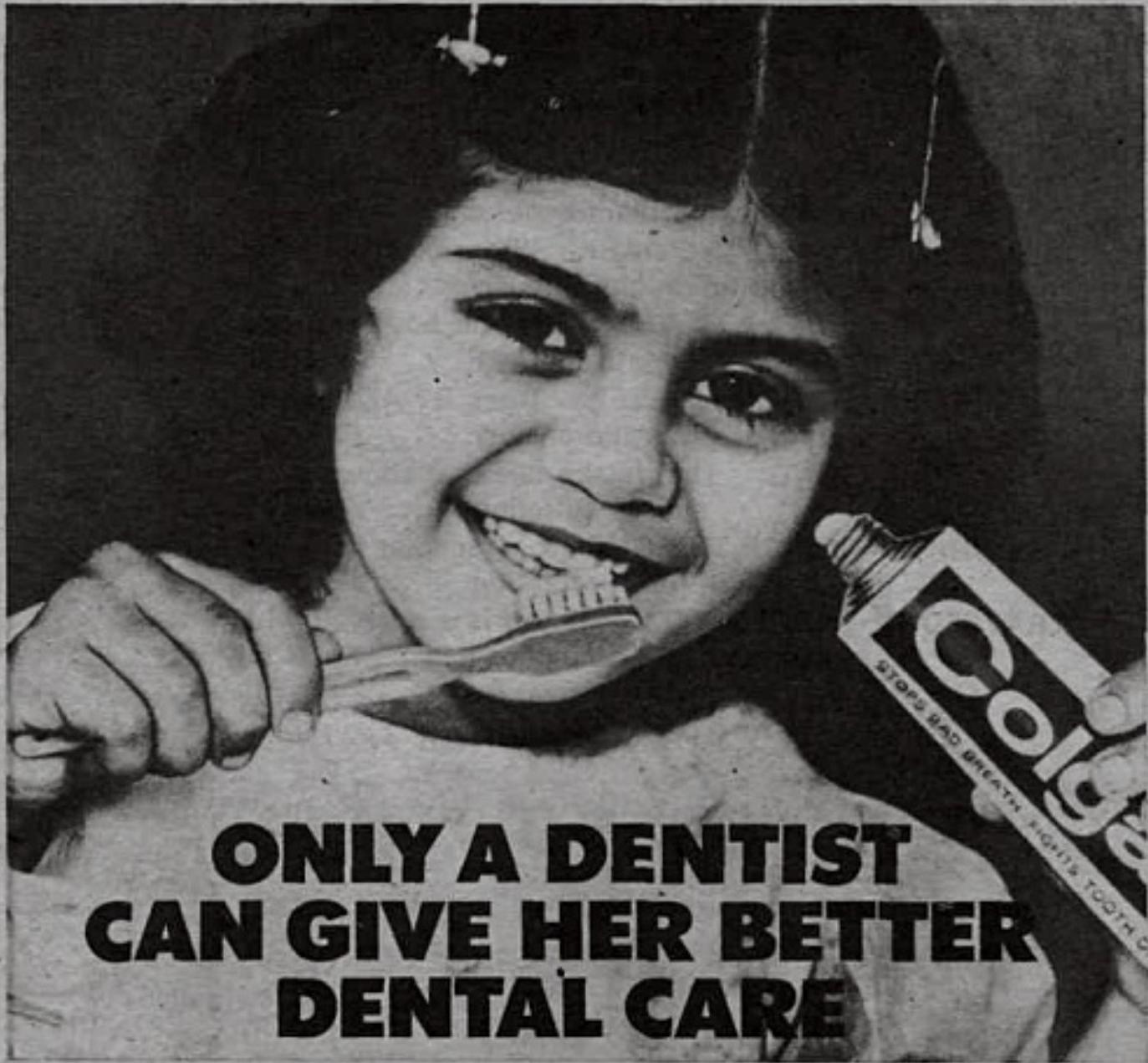
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AND SEVEN OTHER FEATURES

GOLDEN WORDS OF YORE

वाच्यावाच्यं प्रकुपितो न विजानाति कर्हचित् ।
नाकार्यमस्ति क्रुद्धस्य नावाच्यं विद्यते क्वचित् ॥

*Vācyāvācyam prakupito na vijānāti karhicit
Nākāryamasti kruddhasya nāvācyam vidyate kvacit.*

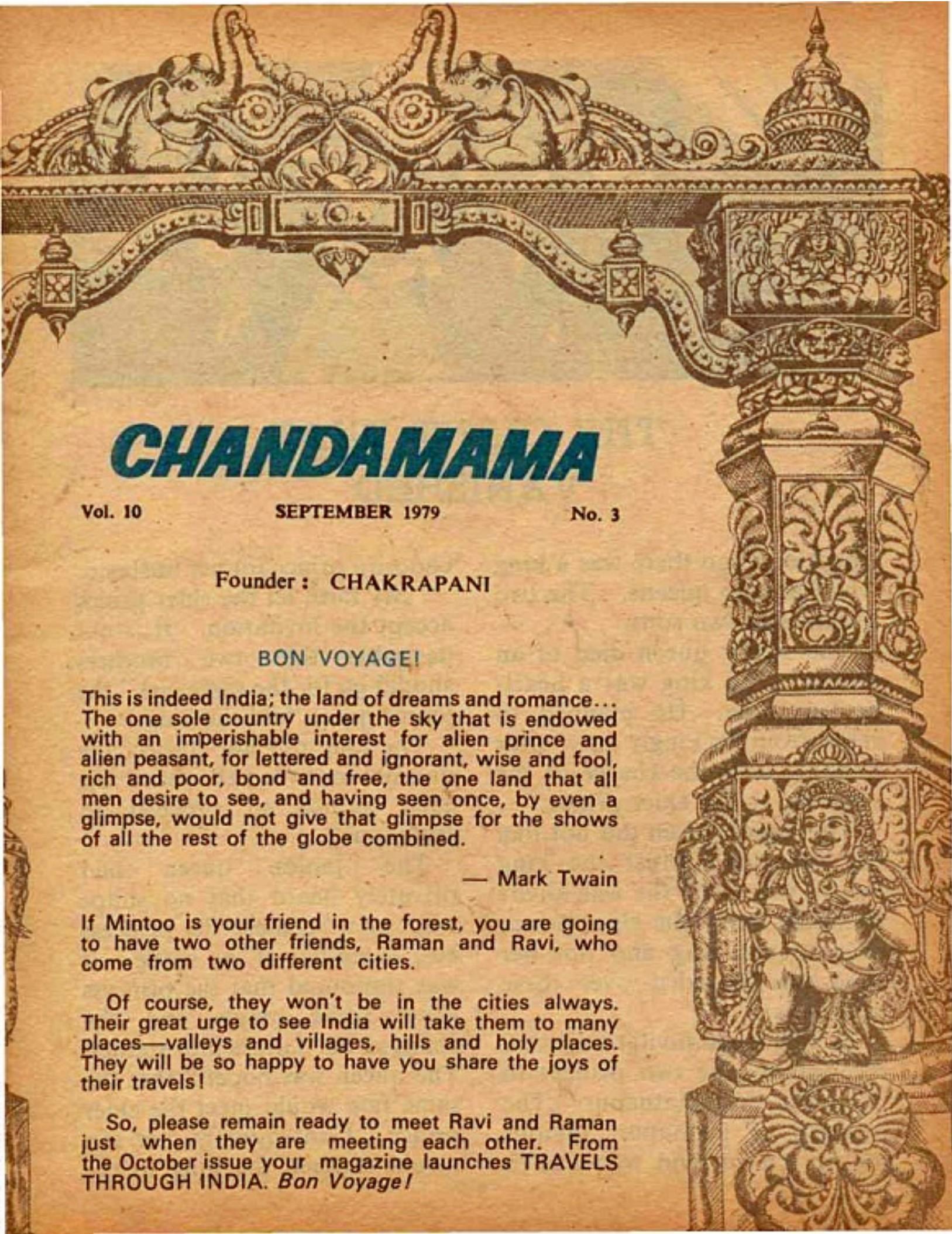
One who loses his temper loses his sense. He cannot differentiate between the right and the wrong; he is hardly aware of his action or speech.

The Ramayana

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CHANDAMAMA

Vol. 10

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No. 3

Founder : CHAKRAPANI

BON VOYAGE!

This is indeed India; the land of dreams and romance... The one sole country under the sky that is endowed with an imperishable interest for alien prince and alien peasant, for lettered and ignorant, wise and fool, rich and poor, bond and free, the one land that all men desire to see, and having seen once, by even a glimpse, would not give that glimpse for the shows of all the rest of the globe combined.

— Mark Twain

If Mintoo is your friend in the forest, you are going to have two other friends, Raman and Ravi, who come from two different cities.

Of course, they won't be in the cities always. Their great urge to see India will take them to many places—valleys and villages, hills and holy places. They will be so happy to have you share the joys of their travels!

So, please remain ready to meet Ravi and Raman just when they are meeting each other. From the October issue your magazine launches TRAVELS THROUGH INDIA. *Bon Voyage!*



THE GIANT THAT VANISHED

Long long ago there was a king who had two queens. The two queens had two sons.

The senior queen died of an illness. The king was a heart-broken man. He planned to retire from his kingly duty, after handing over the charge of the kingdom to the elder prince.

The junior queen did not like the situation. Must the king feel so sad while she was alive? Secondly, must the elder prince become the king and not her son? She brooded over these questions.

At this stage invitations were received by the two princes to proceed to Ratnapur. The princess of Ratnapur, famous for her charm and wit, was to

choose a prince for her husband.

"My lord, let the elder prince accept the invitation. It is not desirable that two brothers should go for the same girl," the junior queen told the king.

The king did not suspect the queen's motive. He asked the elder prince to proceed to Ratnapur.

The junior queen had privately heard that no suitor who went to meet the princess ever came out of the castle. It was rumoured that the princess knew some magic and she changed her suitors into statues. The queen was hopeful that the same fate would meet the elder prince. Consequently, her son would succeed the king to the

throne.

The prince who loved adventure was soon at Ratnapur. He announced his arrival at the royal court and was lodged in the royal guest home.

At night, some merchants who resided in the guest house told the prince, "Young man, never venture into the princess' presence. She knows magic. It is a fancy with her to turn her suitors into statues!"

"She must have some reason to do such a strange thing. Let me find it out," said the prince.

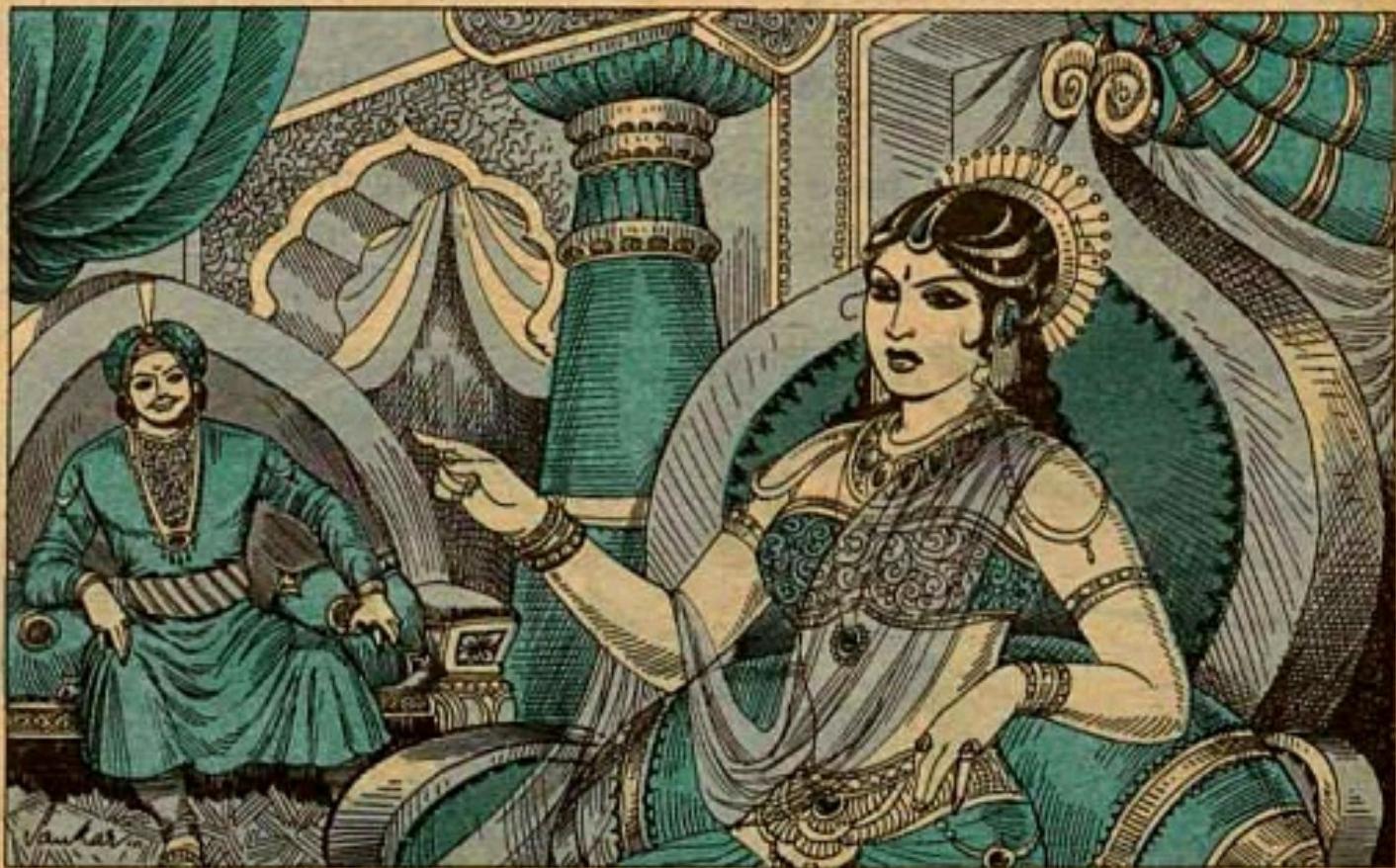
In the morning he was ushered into the princess' apart-

ment.

"Welcome, O Prince," said the princess. "But one who aspires to marry me, has to undergo a certain trial. It is risky, I warn you."

"I love adventure. I don't mind taking a risk," said the prince.

"Far in the sea there is an island, walled by hills. At its centre, in a huge castle, lives a giant. You must kill him and bring his head to me. But killing him is no easy task. A certain bird which dwells in the deep woods behind the castle is the custodian of his life. You have to kill the bird while



the giant is asleep. Then you have to behead the giant," explained the princess.

"This is an excellent opportunity for an adventure," said the prince.

"But I wonder if you have the stamina to undertake the adventure. I am going to give you a drink. If you have the needed stamina, the drink will have no effect on you. If you don't have the stamina, the drink will turn you into a statue," informed the princess.

"I am ready to drink it," said the prince.

A maid brought the drink. The prince drank it. It was quite delicious. He waited to see the effect. Minutes passed. There was no sign of his changing into a statue.

"It is proved that I have the stamina. Now let me go for the giant," said the prince.

The princess smiled. "As if there is really a giant!" she said sweetly, and added, "So far, no suitor had dared to take the drink. It was only a test in courage. All were terrified at the prospect of changing into statues!"

"But where are they? I heard that they had become statues!" said the prince.

"They are detained in a comfortable house—though as prisoners. Now that you have passed the test, they would be set free," said the princess.

The marriage was a great event. To the utter disappointment of his stepmother, the prince returned home along with the princess.

His coronation took place soon thereafter. In fact, he became the king over two realms, for his father-in-law had no son.





THREE PRINCESSES

In days gone by Shravasti was a prosperous kingdom under the rule of King Sudharma. The people of the kingdom had forgotten what misery is. Seasons repeated themselves in their full glory; monsoon brought down rain enough for the crop to flourish lusty green; spring transformed the whole of the kingdom into a garden.

The king's castle abounded in wealth. Queen Kantirekha was as beautiful as she was kind and generous. Musicians, poets, dramatists and artists thronged the court. They were rewarded according to their talents and performance. Hardly a day passed without the castle wear-

ing a festive look.

The subjects of Shravasti as well as the people of the neighbouring kingdoms were all praise for King Sudharma.

All went well until, all on a sudden, the queen breathed her last. The tragedy was so stunning that the flow of life in the kingdom seemed to have stopped.

However, the king had wise ministers who called a conference of the most learned astrologers of the time and told them, "Queen Kantirekha left us before giving us an heir to the throne. The king has to marry again. But we must have the luckiest possible bride

for the king."

Astrologers discussed and debated the details of the king's horoscope. A week passed. Their spokesman told the minister, "Such is the fate of this otherwise wonderful king that whoever would become his queen would endanger her life." But, at the same time, they spoke of certain signs. If a girl bearing those signs married the king, there would be no fear for her life.

The ministers and the priests examined the horoscopes of a number of princesses of the kingdoms surrounding Shravasti. But the horoscopes lacked

the beneficent signs. If some of them had some of the signs, they lacked the others. Two years passed. The ministers and the priests began to despair.

By and by all the Brahmins of the kingdom had come to know of the situation. One day, one of them brought to the chief priest the horoscope of a girl which showed all the beneficent signs. The happy priest informed the chief minister about it. Both of them proceeded forthwith to have a look at the girl.

She lived in a small village, along with her widowed mother. They hailed of a noble family,



but had grown poor.

The minister and the priest were deeply impressed with the girl, Surekha. She combined in her person both charm and dignity. Besides, she was quite intelligent.

As the two broached the purpose of their visit, the girl's mother could not believe her own ears. Needless to say, she was overjoyed.

The marriage was performed before long. It was a festival for the whole kingdom. There were fanfares of all kinds—plays, games, magic-shows and of course feasts.

And the fanfares were re-

peated after a year when Queen Surekha gave birth to three female children.

"We must have three rounds of feasts!" exclaimed the merry crowd that had gathered before the castle. A smiling king granted their demand.

Days passed and the triplets grew into sweet bonny kids. The sprawling garden in the castle compound was their favourite haunt. They frolicked and flitted about in the garden for hours on end under the supervision of their fond maids. Through the openings in the garden wall, passers-by had joyous glimpses of the merry



children.

But soon it was observed that the three little princesses faced more troubles—that too under a network of protection—than the girls of their age usually faced. The eldest of them, Subhasini, was one day confronted by a terrible cobra although the royal garden was regularly combed to make it safe from all snakes. The hissing creature, its hood fully raised, was about to strike her when the king stepped in and beheaded it.

Another day, while learning to swim in the pool that had been specially dug for the purpose and which had only neck-deep water for them, Suhasini, the second princess, was seen drowning. One of their maids jumped to her rescue on time, but it was surprising that there

should be a pit in the pool into which the princess had fallen.

Another day the youngest princess, Sukeshini, rubbed herself against a plant and got a terrible itch. She lay writhing in pain while her sisters ran to their mother. How the poisonous plant grew in the garden was another enigma, for all unwanted plants were regularly rooted out of that plot of land.

"I am afraid, the princesses, are under some evil influence!" one day the king remarked to his minister. He had hardly finished his statement when a servant came running to him with the news that the three princesses were found lying unconscious in the garden.

The king and the minister rushed into the garden.

—To Continue



In 1895 a sensation was created among the educated people of Calcutta. An Indian scientist was going to demonstrate what was only a dream for the famous scientists of the West.

The demonstration was to take place before a learned audience in the Town Hall. The function was presided over by the English Governor of Bengal.

The young speaker explained how the electric current, which, as everybody knew, was sent through metal wires, could be sent even without such physical

means. To demonstrate his finding, he had placed in a room seventy-five feet away, a steel ball, a loaded pistol, and a heap of gunpowder. They had been supervised by the Governor and the experts he had brought. The room had been locked.

The young speaker, after explaining his theory, duly manipulated the machine before him. Inside the locked room the pistol got fired, the ball fell down, the gun-powder exploded. The invisible current had hit them.

The principle which the



Indian scientist—later famous as Acharya Jagadish Chandra Bose—had found was the principle on which developed the system of wireless communication. He explained his theory to the high-ups in the Government as well as to several scientists abroad with the hope of receiving their support and help in his endeavour. But his hope remained unfulfilled. Two scientists in the West were also busy with the possibility of inventing the wireless telegraphy. The credit for the success in the field soon went to Marconi, the Italian electrical engineer.

The conditions, indeed, were very hard for an Indian scientist when the country was under a foreign rule.

But Bose was an untiring seeker after the truths hidden in nature. From physics his attention soon went over to plant physiology. He proved through scientific experiments what the ancient seers had pronounced: that one life pervades the whole universe—the world of animals as well as the plants and even the inanimate matter.

When the Acharya showed through his own devices the effects of sleep, air, food and drugs on the plants and revealed



how the plants reacted to the change in situations—how there was a parallelism between the responses of the plant and the animal tissues, the Western scientists were stunned.

The plants had their moods! Even, what the Acharya claimed, amounted to saying that the matter had feeling!

"Mr. Bose, please announce your discovery phase by phase. They are too astounding for us to stomach at once," a prominent scientist once told him.

Titles and recognitions were heaped on the Acharya. He was invited to international conferences and famous universities

of the West. He went abroad several times and satisfied the curiosity of the scientists.

When he was working on the electric radiation, Western manufacturers had offered him great temptations. They wanted him to keep his finding a secret till he had sold them its 'patent' rights for fabulous sums of money. He had disregarded such offers. A scientific law, whoever hits upon it, must be openly discussed for the benefit of humanity. That was his view.

After his startling findings on the plant life, he was offered highly lucrative positions in the Western universities. Acceptance of such a position would

have given him great opportunity for research. But he declined the offers, for, the call of India was always foremost in his mind. In 1917 he founded the Bose Research Institute in Calcutta and devoted himself to building up new scientists. The organisation has been a pioneering seat of scientific activities in the country.

The Acharya was born in 1858 in the district of Dacca. He received his early education in Calcutta and higher education at the Cambridge University. He was the Professor of Physical Sciences at the Presidency College, Calcutta. After securing for India a place in modern science, he died in 1937.



THE GRAND WORSHIP

Motilal, the merchant, worshipped a certain deity. He knew well that his prosperity was due to the deity's presence in his house.

Once the deity got annoyed with him. In his dream, she told him, "I am leaving your abode!"

Motilal got upset. The goddess leaving his abode would mean his ruin. He said, "Mother, won't you grant me a small boon before you leave?" The deity agreed. Said Motilal, "I am thinking of offering you a grand worship when you would be covered in gold. Give me your word of honour that you will not leave me until the grand worship is over."

"I give my word of honour," said the delighted deity.

Months passed. Motilal not only showed no sign of offering the grand worship, but also stopped his daily worship.

The goddess appeared to him in his dream again. "I leave!" she announced.

"Who has ever heard of a goddess violating her word of honour?" commented Motilal.

The deity now realised that the sly Motilal will never offer the proposed grand worship.

"Hm! Will you at least revive the daily worship?" asked the deity.





New Tales of King Vikram,
and the Vampire

HITTING
THE
TARGET

Dark was the night and fearful the atmosphere. The howling of jackals faded into the weird laughter of unearthly beings. Flashes of lightning revealed ghastly faces.

But King Vikram swerved not. He climbed the tree and brought down the corpse. However, as soon as he began crossing the desolate cremation ground with the corpse lying astride on his shoulder, the vampire that possessed the corpse observed, "O King, even the ablest of personalities enroll the help of others to fulfil their missions. Did not Rama-chandra seek the assistance of the Vanaras in vanquishing Ravana? But, it seems, you are out to reach your goal all alone. I wonder if that is wise. Let me tell you a tale of two brothers. One's success was due to the other's help. Pay attention to my narration, O King! That should give you some relief."

The vampire went on: In



days gone by there was a prosperous town called Dhanyakatak on the banks of the river Krishna. Vishnugupta, the richest merchant of the town had a daughter called Kamala. She was well-groomed and beautiful. Being the only child of Vishnugupta, she was to inherit her father's vast wealth.

Priests and relatives brought forth many proposals for Kamala's marriage. But not one of them satisfied Vishnugupta.

In the same town lived Devsen. He hailed of a great family. His grandfather, in his time, was the most celebrated

man in the kingdom. But they had become poor. It was mainly because of Devsen's father who had become a Buddhist and had spent all his wealth in founding monasteries.

Vishnugupta's grandfather had greatly benefited by Devsen's grandfather. They traded together and Devsen's grandfather being wiser and more wealthy than Vishnugupta's grandfather, came to the latter's help several times. But, with the family of Devsen falling into bad days, connection between the two families had been snapped. Vishnugupta showed no concern for Devsen.

Devsen had two sons, Narendra and Mahindra. Narendra was only one year older than Mahindra. The two brothers loved each other very much.

At a time when the family was passing through a particularly bad period, the two brothers stood before Devsen and said, "Father, why don't you ask Vishnugupta to choose one of us for his son-in-law? The marriage would help us tide over our difficulty!"

"It is for Vishnugupta, who was indebted to my grandfather,

to put forward the proposal, not for me. However, I have no objection to your meeting him with the proposal," said Devsen.

The two brothers duly met Vishnugupta and said, "We understand that you are on the lookout for a suitable young man to marry Kamala. Why not choose one of us?"

Vishnugupta was not inclined to oblige any of the two brothers. It was because he had an aversion for people who had grown poor. Nevertheless, he respected Devsen's hoary past and could not reject the proposal summarily.

"I have decided to give my daughter in marriage to only such a young man who has experience in handling commerce and business. You lack that quality," observed Vishnugupta, sure that his words would totally put out the two brothers.

"Sir, a wise man that you are, how can you say that we lack that quality without trying us?" charged the brothers.

Vishnugupta found himself rather cornered. However, he brought out two thousand rupees and gave a thousand each to the two brothers and said, "He passes the test who can whip up a lakh out of a





thousand in a year! Go and try your luck!"

The two brothers took leave of him. With their father's permission, they went in two different directions, deciding to meet each other at the end of a year at a certain place.

Vishnugupta was sure that the two brothers would fail to fulfil the condition. He had given away two thousand rupees only to get out of the situation honourably.

And he did not prove wrong. At the end of the year when the two brothers met at the appointed place, both looked sad.

"What is the position with you?" asked Narendra, the elder brother.

"With hard but honest labour I could make only ten thousand rupees," replied Mahindra.

"Don't feel discouraged. To change a thousand into ten thousand in a year is an excellent feat when I know that you could not have been dishonest," commented Narendra.

"Brother, what about you?" asked Mahindra.

"Well, I have made ninety thousand, though not in a quite honest way," said Narendra.

They stood in silence for a moment. Then Narendra gravely said, "Mahindra, I have an order to pass on you. Promise that you shall obey it and never speak a word of it to anyone. I shall be responsible for what I am asking you to do!"

"I promise to obey you, brother!" uttered Mahindra in a solemn voice.

"Take this ninety thousand. It will make a lakh with what you have. That should hit the goal!" said Narendra.

Mahindra stood speechless. Narendra patted him on the back, thrust the money into his pocket, and said, "I shall go back to my place of business

and flourish again, this time honestly. Don't worry." He then went away without giving Mahindra a chance to speak.

Mahindra did as promised before his brother and obliged Vishnugupta to let him marry Kamala.

The vampire paused for a moment and asked in a challenging tone, "O King, wasn't Narendra more eligible to claim Kamala's hand since he had come nearer to the target in earning? Why did he sacrifice his claim? Answer me, O King, if you can. If you choose to keep mum despite your knowledge of the answer, your head would roll off your shoulders!"

Answered King Vikram without a moment's delay: "Narendra knew that Vishnugupta had stipulated an impossible condition only to avoid

them. In other words, Vishnugupta had not been honest in his conduct. That is why Narendra did not think it necessary to be honest in fulfilling the condition. He earned money through some doubtful means. But face to face with Mahindra, when he understood that the latter had taken great pains in earning the money in an honest way, he was overwhelmed by a true brotherly affection. He had already been a bit dishonest. He did not mind being a little more so in securing a boon for his loving brother. He took the consequence of what he was doing upon himself. That shows his nobleness."

No sooner had the king concluded his answer than the vampire, along with the corpse, gave him the slip.



A Daring

In 1854 a bloody battle was being fought between Russia and Turkey, famous in history as the Crimean War.

In a small town on the bank of the Danube lived a little boy, Raicho. He had come from the Balkan mountains of the Bulgarian region, and he was there to learn some craft. But the war had upset his plans.

It was a cold night. Raicho had no sleep. He knew that if the Russians were defeated, his own country would be in danger. He also knew that the Turks were camping nearby.

Led by a curiosity, he walked towards the Turkish camp. From yards away he could see some dark figures seated around a lamp discussing something agitatedly.

Raicho stealthily went forward. From the uniform and the decorations of those people he understood that they were the generals of the Turkish army.

He crouched and crawled

closer to them and heard what they said. His heart-beats grew rapid, for, they were planning a surprise attack on the Russian camp on the other side of the Danube that very night. Their boats were ready.

"If the Russians are not warned immediately, their camp would go up in flames!" Raicho told himself. But he dared not speak about it to anybody. Any movement in the town would arouse the suspicion of the Turkish soldiers. Besides, he did not know many whom he could take into confidence.

He crawled back and then ran in the darkness to the river-bank. The torrents were strong. It would be impossible to swim tearing through them. The Russian camp was a couple of furlongs down the river, on the other side.

"I may not be able to swim. But I can let myself be drifted by the flow!" he thought, and fastening to his back some dry stuff, entered the river.



INTERNATIONAL

Swim in the Dark

The strong current led him away fast. He was not sure whether he was going to reach the Russian camp or a simple death in the desolate, cold stream. All he knew was that it was worth taking the risk.

He tried to make his way to the other bank. As soon as he saw the lights in the Russian camp, he shouted, "A message, a message!"

Immediately some patrolling Russian soldiers rescued him from the stream and produced him before their general. Raicho delivered the message. The

Russians not only became alert, but also spread a net to nab the Turks when they came.

And it happened as planned. The Turks were rebuffed when they came.

Raicho Nikulov was hailed as a hero. He received regular military training and became a young leader of Bulgaria which was then divided into Northern and Southern parts. He worked for the unification of his country. He was killed in an operation while young, but only after Bulgaria had become one country.





STORIES FROM CHILDREN'S CLASSICS

TOM THUMB

"Only if I had a son! I don't mind if he was no bigger than the thumb!" said a poor woman who lived in the forest along with her husband. A wizard who loved to do funny things heard her yearning and sent her a son—no bigger than a thumb!

He was called Tom Thumb. His mother nursed him with great care. His trousers were made from colourful feathers and his shirt and jacket out of petals of flowers. But he was not free from dangers. One day, wandering through a patch of grass, he suddenly found himself inside a cow's mouth along with a handful of grass. But he managed to raise such a howl that the cow looked agape and he jumped off her mouth and ran home.

But escape was not always easy. One day a raven picked him up and flew on for miles and dropped him into the sea. He was swallowed by a fish which was caught by some fishermen and brought to the kitchen

of the legendary King Arthur. The royal cook, with the very first chop, discovered him and presented him before the king.

Tom Thumb soon became the king's favourite. The king liked his feats and pranks. Sometimes when the king went for a stroll or ride, he carried little Tom in his overcoat pocket. He even made a palace of gold—as high as a brick—for the tiny Tom and gave him a coach driven by six well-fed rats.

But it was unfortunate that the queen grew very jealous of poor Tom. To escape her wrath, once Tom hid in a snail-shell. At last, awfully hungry, he jumped onto the back of a large butterfly which flitted from plant to plant and then flew right into the court. The king and the courtiers tried to catch the butterfly along with its rider. The butterfly shook Tom off and escaped.

The king forgot the queen's complaint against Tom and knighted him. Tom became Sir Tom Thumb.



Unlike many fairytales, the story of Tom Thumb does not end on a happy note. He was one day netted by a lusty spider. He fought as the knights fought monsters and dragons, but was at last killed by the venomous

creature. The sad King Arthur erected a nice little monument on his grave.

The *History of Tom Thumb* was published by R. Johnson in 1632. Perrault and many others have retold the story.

IT PAYS TO BE CLEVER!

Not far from the city there was a fine orchard. Its owner lived in the city, but he never failed to visit his orchard once in the morning and once more in the afternoon.

There was a small shed meant for the man who kept guard on the plants. Some of the plants were bending with fruits. The guard was a faithful man and he jealously looked after his master's interest.

One day the guard went on

leave. The master was thinking of some alternative arrangement for the watch on his orchard. Two beggars who stood outside the orchard gate, told him prayerfully, "Sir, evening is not far. Left in the open, we might die of cold. Will you kindly allow us to enjoy the comfort of the shed?"

"I would not only allow you the shed but also give you a sackful of fruits if you promise to keep watch on my orchard,"



said the owner.

"But, sir, one of us is a cripple. The other is blind!" replied the beggars.

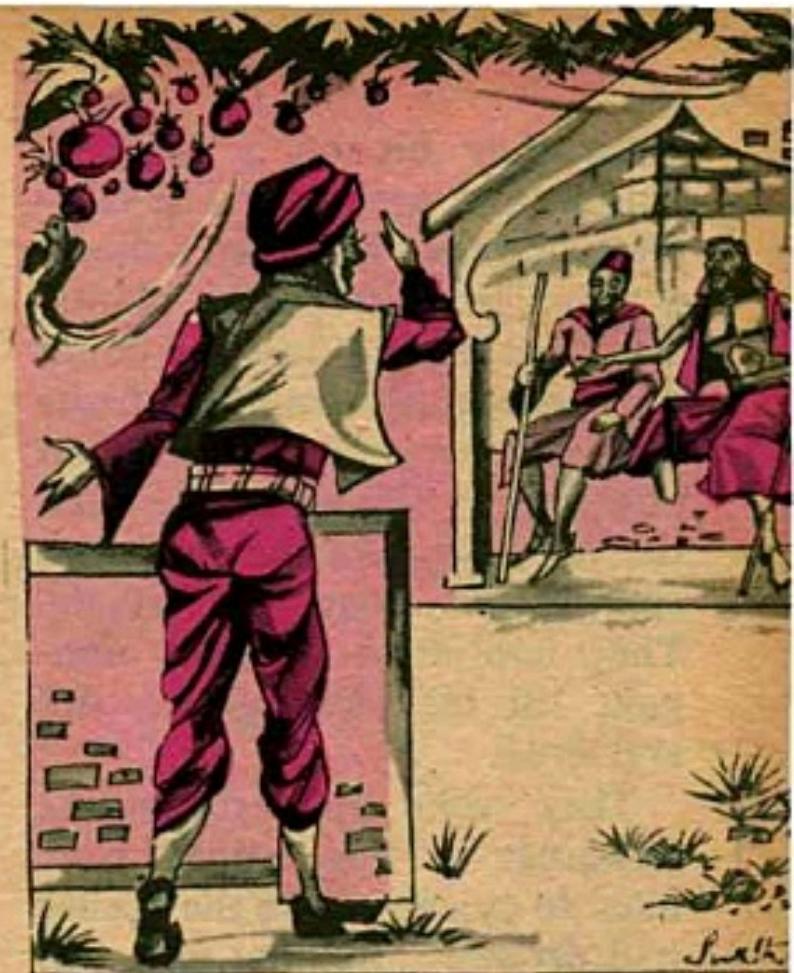
"I am not expecting any mischief to my orchard. In any case, your presence should be enough. If you see someone trying to scale the boundary wall, just shout at him. But, remember, you should not announce that one of you is a cripple and the other blind," said the owner of the orchard.

The two beggars were overjoyed. The master helped both of them into the shed. Then he locked the gate and went away.

It was twilight. A vagabond came strolling near the gate and said, "How lucky these two fellows are! The whole orchard with all its sweet fruits is left to them!"

"Who are you? Don't try to scale the wall!" shouted the beggars from the shed.

"Why should I do such a thing, you fools? Don't I have more useful things to do? I am only saying how lucky you two are! You are here to check any intruder. But who is there to check you from enjoying those delicious fruits known to be the tastiest ones in the country?" remarked the vagabond.



The remark had its effect. The beggars, who were in the habit of declaring their helpless state to everybody, said, "Friend, we wish we could be that lucky! But the fact is, one of us is a cripple while the other is blind. One cannot reach the fruits, the other cannot see where they are!" they said, almost breaking down.

"What dunderheads you are! Don't you know that together you could do anything which a normally healthy fellow can do?" commented the vagabond and he added before going away, "It pays to be clever!"

That set the beggars to think.

Soon they hit on a plan to plunder the orchard. The cripple sat on the blind man's shoulder and led him to the plants. As it was getting dark, he could not distinguish the ripe fruits from the raw ones. He went on plucking at random. Between the two, they ate the ripe ones and threw away the others. They continued in their rampage till they had grown full and tired.

They woke up early in the morning. They would have liked to escape before the master had arrived. But the gate was locked.

The master arrived soon and was aghast to see the raw and half eaten fruits scattered all

over the garden.

"But, sir, one of us is a cripple and the other blind. We could not have gone anywhere near the plants!" the two beggars put forward their excuse.

"Shut up!" shouted the master who was no fool. He hurled them out. With some difficulty he checked his temptation to give them a thrashing.

"How unlucky we are!" exclaimed the beggars.

"You are unlucky not because of your crippledom and blindness, but because of your wickedness. Had you been faithful, I would have given you plenty of fruits and, maybe, a permanent shelter," said the master as he closed the gate.



Varanasi was ruled by a king who was never tired of seeking more and more pleasure for himself. As a result, he had no time for looking into the problems of his subjects.

One day a bright young man met the king and told him in confidence, "I know of three beautiful cities which abound in wealth. They are not properly protected. If you mobilise an army and follow me, I can lead you to an easy conquest of the cities."

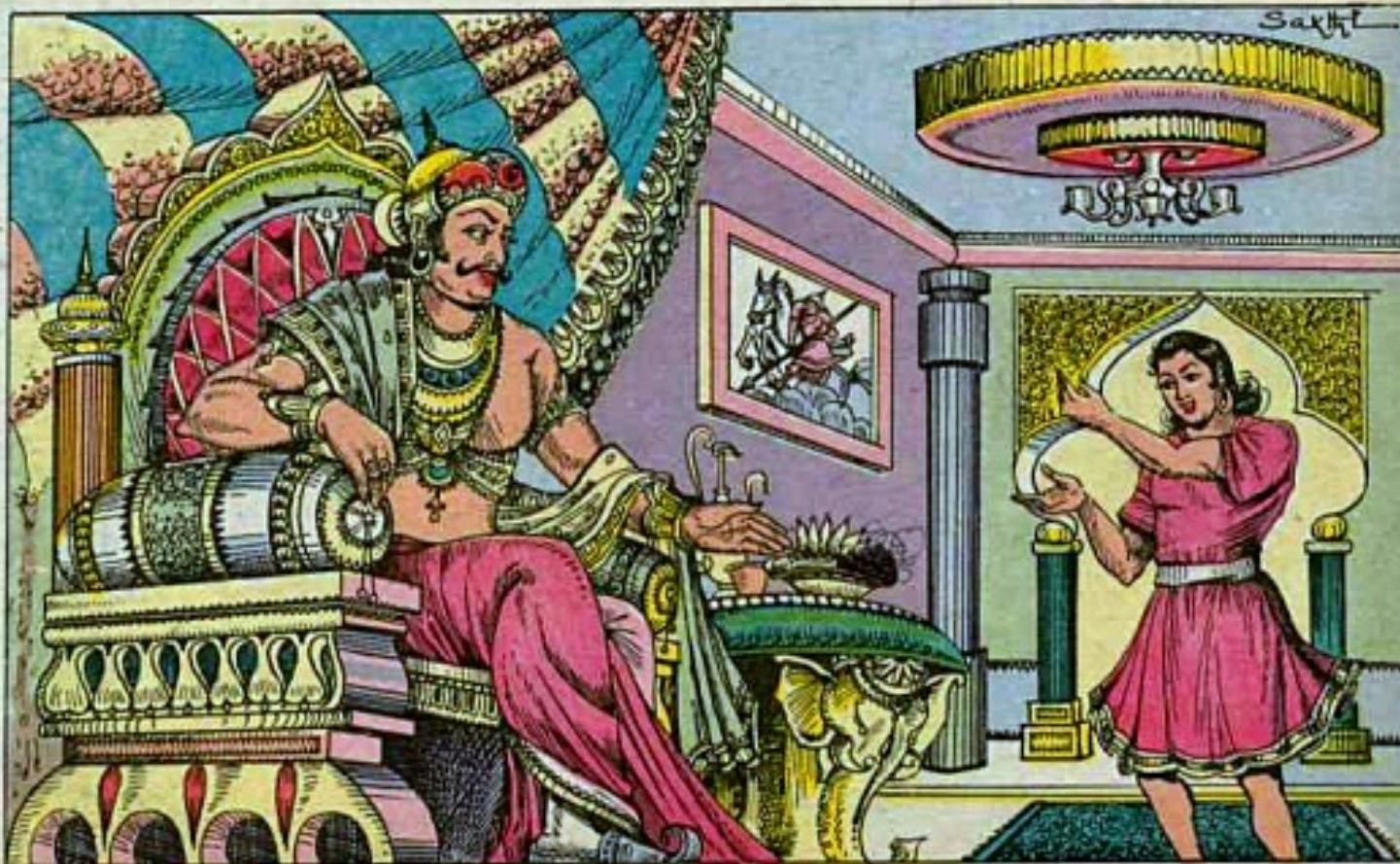
The king grew so much excited that he could hardly speak!

"When—when—do we go to conquer them?" he managed to ask.

"Call me the moment you are ready with your army," said the youngman.

The king passed on orders to his commanders to prepare for the expedition. He kept on goading them to hurry up.

"My lord, the army is ready," the commanders informed him on the third day.



"Excellent!" exclaimed the king. Turning to his minister, he said, "Call the young man!"

"Where is he residing, my lord, and what is his name?" asked the minister.

The king now realised that in his excitement he had forgotten to ask the young man his name or his address. He was awfully annoyed with himself.

"Look for him at every possible place in the city," ordered the king.

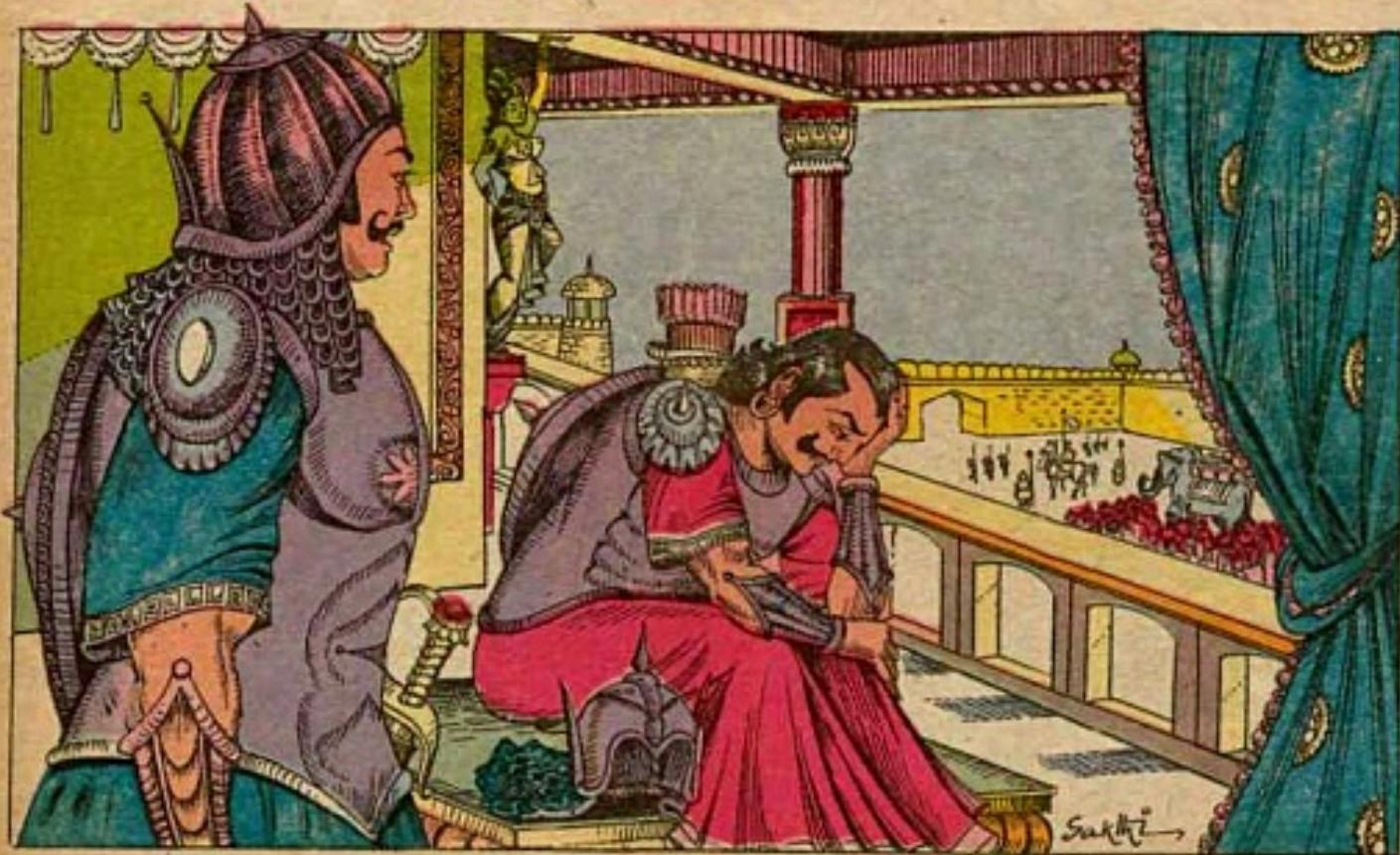
But the search yielded no result. The king himself went out to the streets and gazed at every face he saw, but he never saw the bright face that had inflamed in him the desire to conquer

the three prosperous cities.

In despair, the king abandoned the search. He sat glum and murmured to himself, "What a pity that for just a small slip I was deprived of three magnificent prizes! Only if I knew where the young man lived! It would have been still better had I arranged for his residence in the palace itself!"

The king soon took to bed. His sickness grew worse as days passed. The court-physicians could not cure him.

When all were worried on account of the king's deteriorating health, an old Brahmin met the minister and promised to cure him.



"Look here, old man, the best physicians have failed to cure him!" said the minister.

"What harm in trying me?" asked the old man. The minister did not argue. He ushered the old man into the king's room.

Left alone with the king, the old man asked, "My lord, you are the king. If you wish you can have four beds in your room instead of one. But can you enjoy four beds at the same time?"

"No, I cannot!" replied the king.

"My lord, can you put on four sets of clothes and four crowns at the same time?"

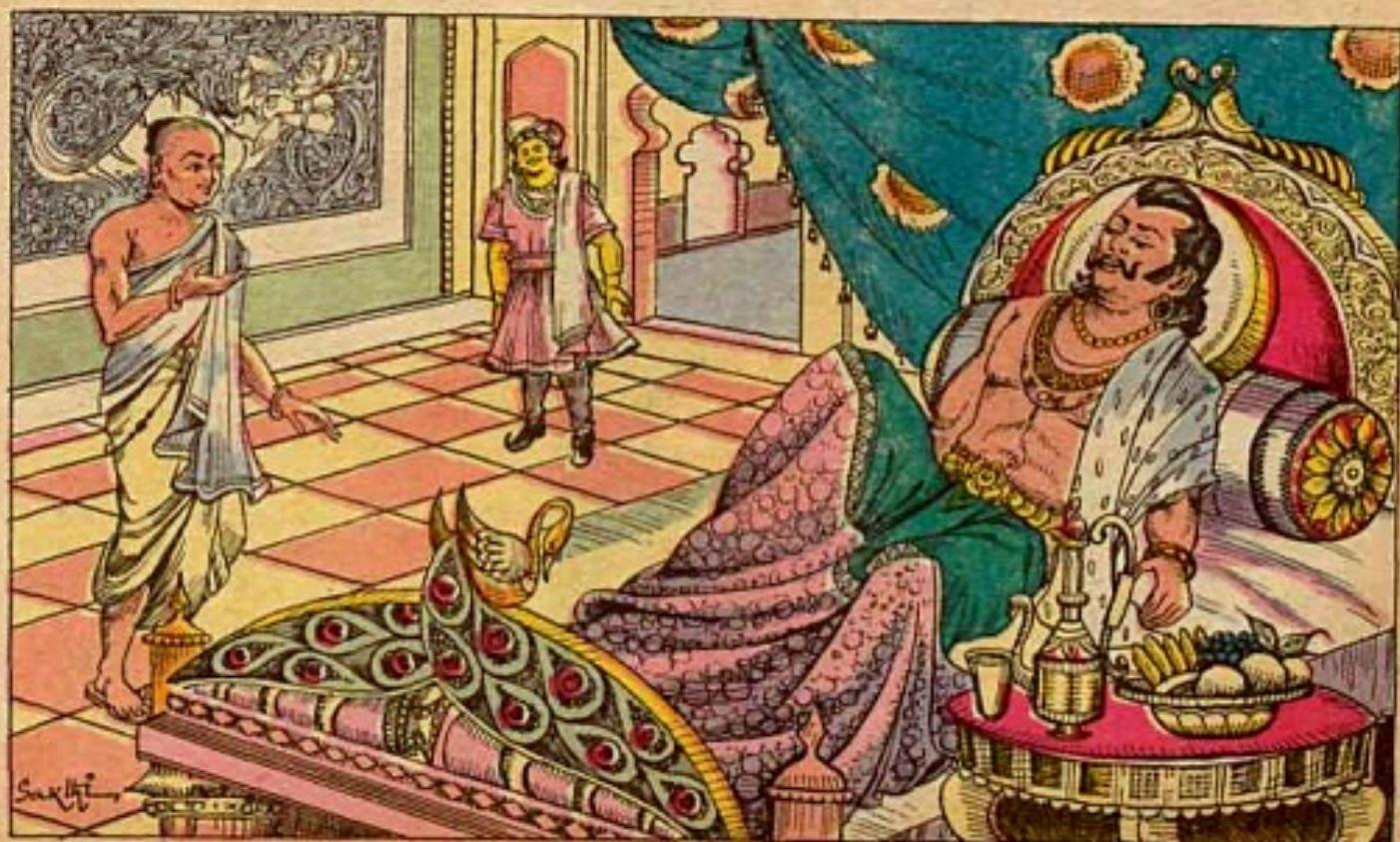
"No, I cannot!"

"Then, my lord, what use bringing under your control three more cities when you are already the master of one city? Is it not unfortunate that out in search of more pleasure you have deprived yourself of whatever pleasure you had?" asked the old man.

The king now understood what a fool he had been. And that was the beginning of his recovery.

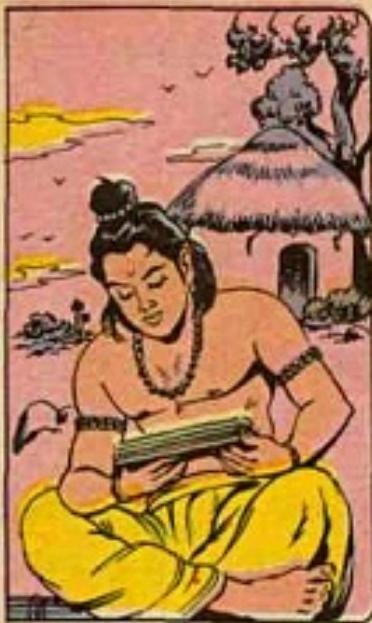
It was Bodhisattva who had met the king, first assuming the form of a young man and then assuming the form of an old man to cure him of his stupidity.

From the Buddha Jatakas

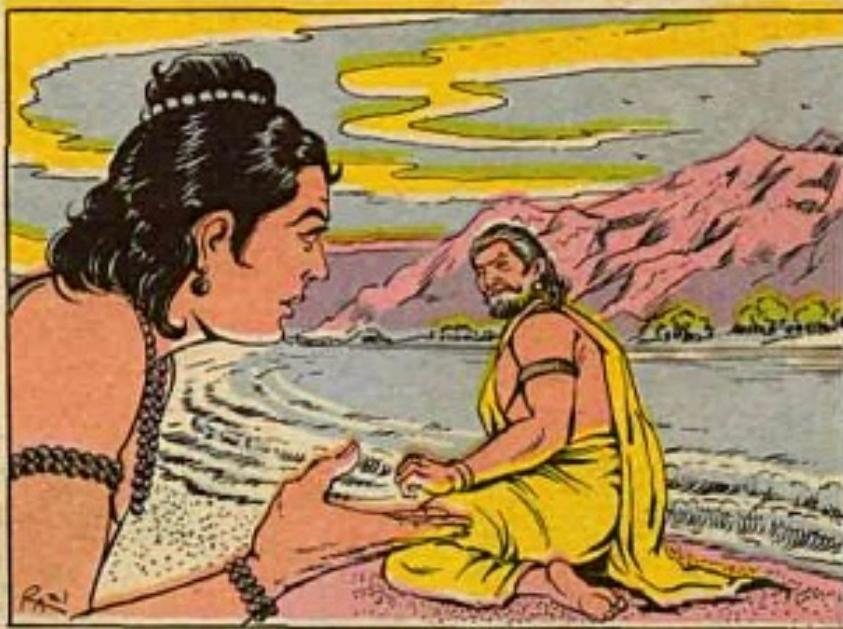


SIGNIFICANCE OF THE GURU

Yavakrita, a young scholar, was bent upon learning the Vedas. Nearby lived a great sage, Raivya by name, who was a master of the Vedas. Yavakrita could have become Raivya's disciple. But he decided to study the scriptures by himself.



One day Yavakrita saw an old man throwing handfuls of dust into the Ganga. Asked what he was doing, he replied, "Trying to stop the flow!" "With this much dust?" asked Yavakrita. "If you can master the Vedas without a guru, I can stop the flow with dust!" replied the man.



The old man was none other than Indra. But even his warning did not enlighten Yavakrita.

One day the scholar saw a charming young lady. In the grip of lust, he tried to stop her. But she fled and the young scholar pursued her.

The lady was the wife of Paravasu, son of Raivya. She ran and reached her father-in-law and reported to him the harassment which a young man caused her. Raivya was furious.



Raivya tore two sheafs of hair from his knotted locks and dashed them down on a stone. Out of one sheaf emerged a nymph; of the other emerged a goblin. They set out in search of the lady's tormentor.

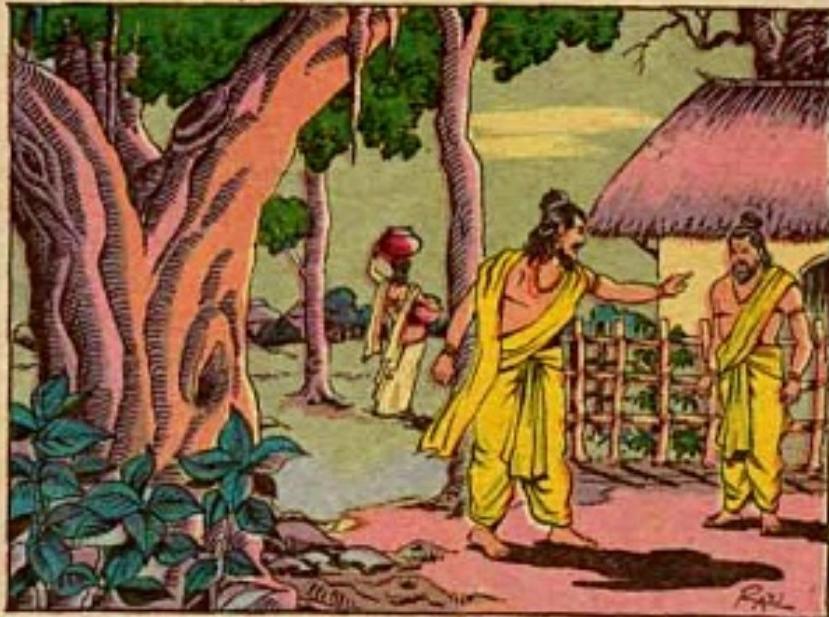
Yavakrita, still looking for the charming lady who slipped away, was bewitched at the sight of the nymph who stood before him, all smiles! But his joy was short-lived.





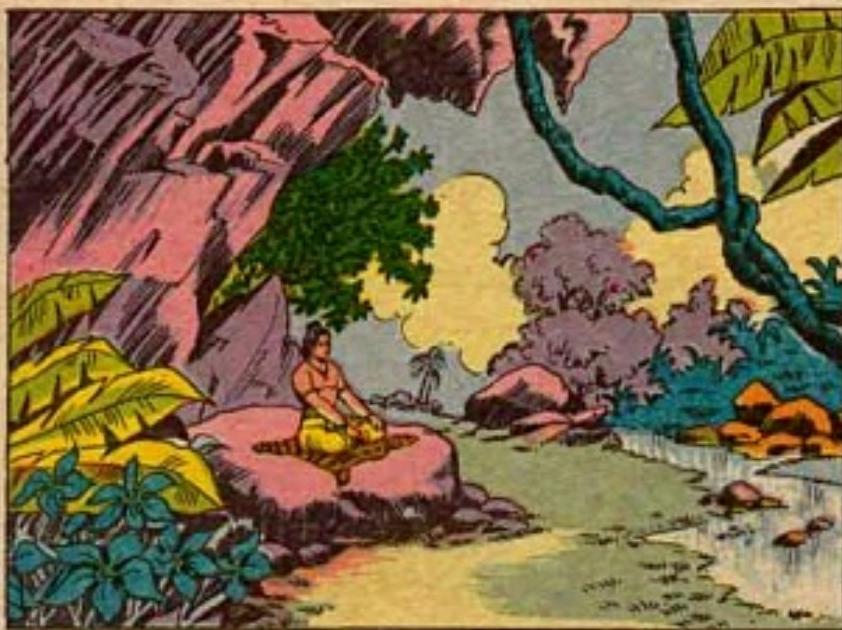
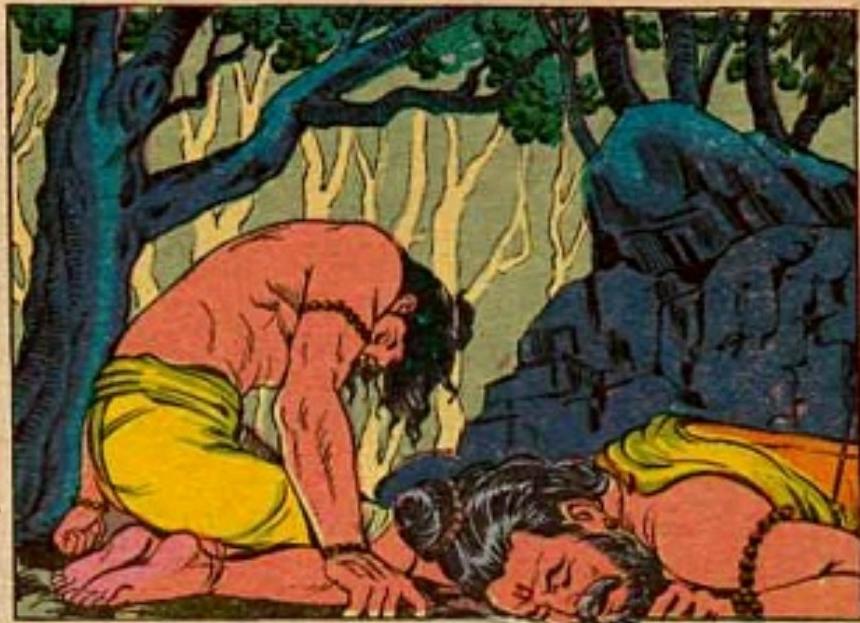
Soon the goblin reached the spot. Yavakrita tried to escape, but failed. The goblin took hold of him and threw him from the hill-top, down, down into a pit. Then the nymph and the goblin disappeared.

Yavakrita's father, Bharadwaja, got awfully angry with Raivya who brought about his son's death. "You shall be killed by your son!" is the curse he uttered over Raivya.



It was dusk. Raivya, wearing a deer-skin, was passing through the forest. His son, Paravasu, mistook him to be a deer and shot an arrow at him.

Raivya fell to the arrow. Paravasu's sorrow knew no bound when he saw what he had done! It was no use crying; Raivya was dead.



Paravasu retired into solitude and sat for a strenuous penance. His prayers were granted. Not only his father returned to life, but also Yavakrita, the cause of his father's death.

Back to life, Yavakrita approached Raivya and wished to know how, despite his great knowledge of the Vedas, a mere goblin killed him. "Knowledge cannot protect one, what protects is the Guru's Grace!" explained Raivya.



THE FOURTH MEMBER

"Sir, is it not rather surprising that people should call me a fool?" Baloo asked the village chief.

"Well, Baloo, I don't think you're as big a fool as people think you to be. Let's see. Answer me. There are four members in my family. One is my wife, the second is my daughter, the third is my son. Who is the fourth one?" asked the chief.

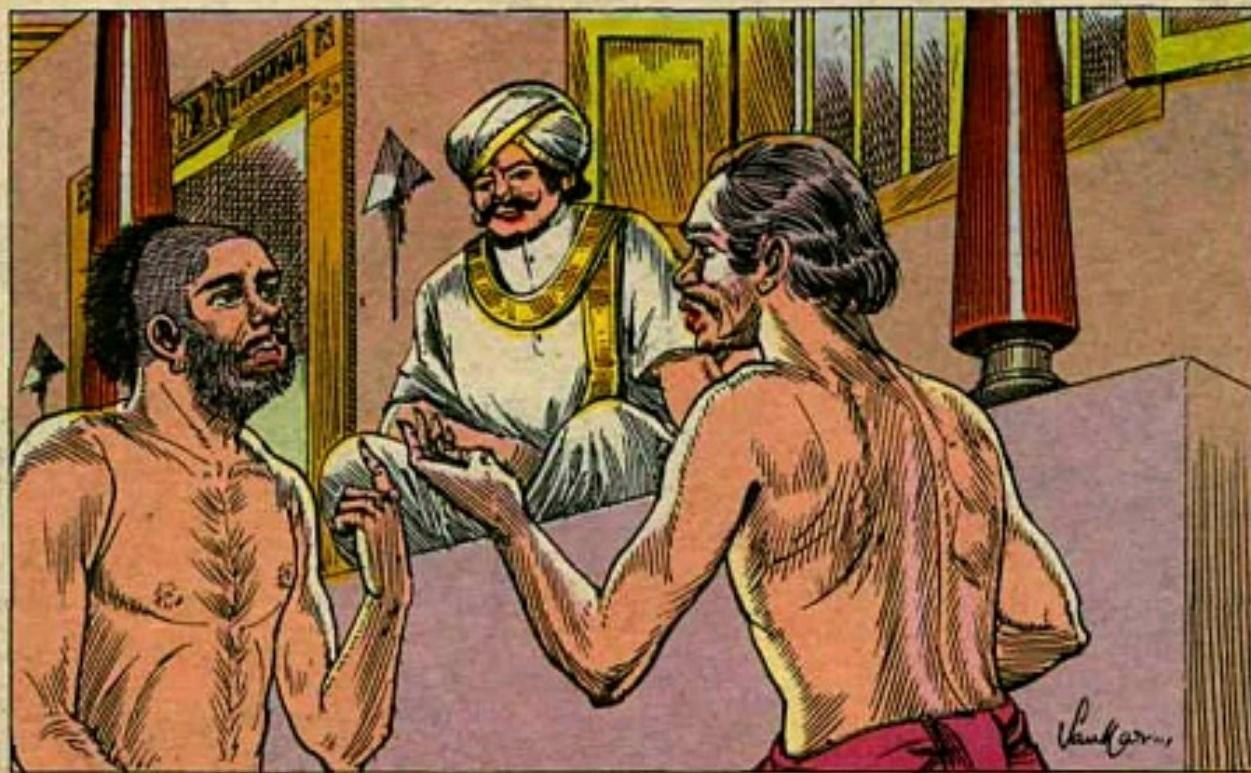
"Am I expected to know the details of your family, sir?" replied Baloo.

"Is the fourth member not myself, you fool?" remarked the village chief.

Now that Baloo had the answer, he thought himself wiser. Eager to show his wisdom, he asked his friend Piloo, "Look here, there are four members in my family. One is my wife, the second is my daughter, the third is my son. Who is the fourth one?"

"Yourself, of course!" replied Piloo.

"Fool! The village chief is the fourth member. He has himself told me so!" announced Baloo with pride.





THE ROYAL FROG AND HIS DIPLOMACY

Tale from the Panchatantra

Long long ago, there was a frog named Gangadutta who lived in a well. The well had been abandoned by people who once used it. A forest had grown around it.

It was a deep and spacious well. It never went out of water—not even in the hottest season of the year. It was overshadowed by trees. Occasionally woodcutters or hunters drank its cool water which remained undisturbed most of the time. Prominent among the small creatures who inhabited it were frogs,

Gangadutta was the king over the small population of frogs in the well. But he lorded over them too much and became very unpopular. Some young frogs began to defy his authority.

Physically, Gangadutta was not strong enough to punish those rebel frogs. Soon a sinister idea came to his mind. An old rope, which was in use no more, hung from the mouth of the well. With great difficulty Gangadutta came out of the well with the help of the rope and hopped on and on, till he saw a hole under a tree. He knew that the hole was the home of a snake.

"Hello, snake! please come out. I have an excellent proposal for you," said Gangadutta.

"Who are you?" asked the snake, although he was sure that it was either a snake-charmer out to capture him and tame him, or a physician in search of his poison which was of great medicinal value.



"I am a royal frog, Gangadutta by name, out to befriend you."

"Don't make me laugh! A frog would call out to a snake to befriend him, eh? You take me for a fool, I see!" replied the snake.

"Believe me, friend, I am a frog, a king among frogs though, and I do value your friendship!" replied Gangadutta.

Slowly the snake showed his head and was amazed to see his caller.

"I invite you to my well. There is a hollow on its stone wall, almost touching the water, which should prove a fine

camp for you. Come, friend, follow me!" said Gangadutta.

"But why on earth do you need my company?" demanded the snake.

"To be frank, it is to punish my enemies. I shall point them out to you. You can gobble them up one by one. There are plenty of frogs who have incurred my displeasure. They would be food enough for you at least to last a month," informed Gangadutta.

It was summer. The cool hollow in the well and the ready food were most inviting. The snake agreed to honour Gangadutta's suggestion.

"I, however, wish you to make one solemn promise. You must not harm any frog who has not been marked by me as a bad character!" said Gangadutta.

"How can I do anything without my host's sanction? Am I not an upright snake?"

Satisfied, Gangadutta led the snake to the well. It was a tuff job for the snake to descend into it with the support of the rope. But once he was inside the well, his eyes glittered with happiness.

"What have you done? How could you bring a terrible enemy

of our race here?" asked Gangadutta's wife in great disgust.

"I am a king. I have to do many things to maintain my authority!" Gangadutta replied gravely. "To suppress some foes with the help of other foes is called diplomacy!"

The snake began his work. Gangadutta would point out his enemies and he would gleefully gobble them up. Looking askance at his host, he would swallow even those who had not been pointed out to him.

There was great panic in the well. A few frogs who tried to escape were caught by the snake.

In a fortnight the snake finished all the enemies of Gangadutta. "Thanks a lot, sir, you may now return to your hole," said his host.

"You are an ungrateful crea-

ture to say so. My hole must have been filled up by sand or occupied by another snake. I have to be here," declared the snake gobbling up Gangadutta's only son!

Gangadutta's wife wailed. But not for long. She too was caught and despatched by the snake. In a few more days the snake emptied the well of all frogs, Gangadutta excepting.

Slowly the snake turned towards Gangadutta. The dazed Gangadutta tried to recover his wits and said, "You can eat me, but that cannot keep you satisfied for long. Better I go out, and lure some more frogs into the well."

At that the snake allowed Gangadutta to go out, who, needless to say, never returned to the well! But he lived only to repent for the rest of his life.



FEELING WHAT OTHERS FEEL

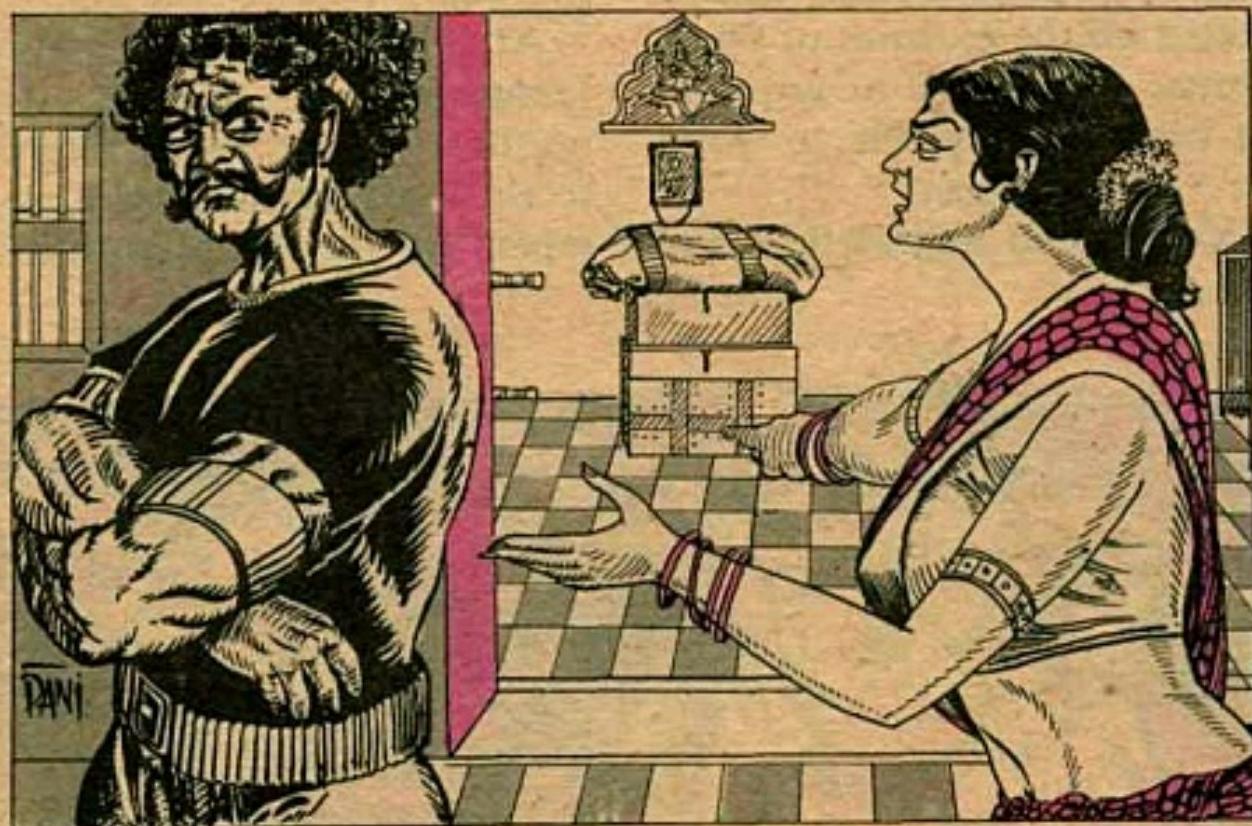
Habul was quite young when his father died. His mother was too weak to keep him under control. He fell into the company of a gang of burglars and grew into a skilled burglar.

After his mother's death, he felt even more free to do whatever he liked.

He got married. His wife never supported his nefarious vocation. "Try to imagine the sorrow of those whose homes you burgle," she told him again and again. The result was, Habul kept his loot hidden from his wife.

One day, upon his return from a faraway place, he saw his hidden property stolen away by somebody. His anguish was great.

"Now you feel what others feel when they lose their property to you. Yours was only stolen property. Theirs is hard-earned property!" said his wife. Habul kept quiet.





A Folktale from China

THE DAY THE LAND LORD GREW INVISIBLE

Centuries ago there was a landlord in a big village of China. The one thing he knew in life was to grab at others' property. He had accumulated much money and many other valuable things. But he was not tired of desiring more.

Once the province was struck by a famine. Merchants set out to the neighbouring provinces for securing rice. But a few days must pass before they would return with the rice.

The people of the village knew that the landlord had a bumper stock of rice. They appealed to him to lend them a few bags of his rice. But he turned down their request. He dreamt of a

worse time for them when they would be obliged to get rice from him in exchange for their precious lands.

Chung, a clever young man, had paid a visit to that village to meet his maternal uncle. He saw how the villagers suffered for dearth of rice while the landlord had so much of it in his stock.

Chung, an excellent actor, crept into the landlord's garden and took position on a slab of stone. He sat fixing his gaze on a crow's nest in the tree.

It was an awfully hot summer noon. The landlord was intrigued to see a stranger seated in his garden. He came near him

and demanded to know what he was doing.

"Is it your garden, sir? I'm pleased to meet you. I don't mean any harm. I am waiting for the crow to leave the tree so that I can steal its nest," said the young man.

Never had the landlord heard of anybody coveting a crow's nest. He grew even more intrigued.

"But why do you need the nest?" he asked.

"Excuse me, sir, that is none of your business. You surely won't grudge me a trifle like a crow's nest!" said Chung.

"This is my garden. Even if

I don't claim to have invited the crow to build its nest in my tree, legally the nest is my property. I won't allow you to take it unless you tell me why you need it," said the landlord.

"Very well, sir, I shall tell you all. But first promise that you won't stop me from taking it."

"All right. I promise," said the landlord.

"Keep it to yourself. This crow is a special kind of crow called 'One-in-a-billion-crow.' A wizard had pointed it out to me. Since then I am following it without food and sleep. I have covered hundreds of miles.



But it always evades me. I am lucky that today I could trace it to its nest. Its nest possesses a magic quality." Chung suddenly stopped.

"What magic quality, please?" asked the landlord, agog with curiosity.

"The nest is made of so many sticks, isn't it? Now, one of them has a strange magic in it—I have to find out which one. The moment you thrust it into your hair, you grow invisible. You understand? You can do anything!"

"I am not going to allow you to take away the nest," declared the landlord.

"But you promised that you won't stop me from taking it!" complained Chung.

Their quarrel scared away the crow. At once the landlord climbed the tree. He got badly bruised all over, but succeeded in taking hold of the nest.

When he came down, he found the young man weeping.

"I will tell everybody that you can grow invisible and that everybody ought to be on his guard!" blurted out Chung, stomaching a sob.

That put the landlord to anxiety. Nobody should know his secret. He offered a hundred—two hundred—a thousand



rupees to Chung for buying his silence. But Chung would not have any money. However, a hundred bags of rice can silence him—he said.

The landlord agreed to the bargain. Chung distributed the rice among the villagers.

Inside his house, the landlord whispered to his wife, "Tell me when you cease to see me!" He then picked up a stick from the nest and thrust it into his hair and asked, "Do you see me?"

"Yes!" replied his wife.

The landlord went on trying one stick after another. Bored with her husband's conduct which seemed to her crazy, at last she shouted "I don't see anything!"

"That's it!" exclaimed the landlord and he went out. Straight he headed for the bazaar

that was a few miles away. He was hungry. He entered a sweetmeat shop and gobbled up some choice sweets and left the shop.

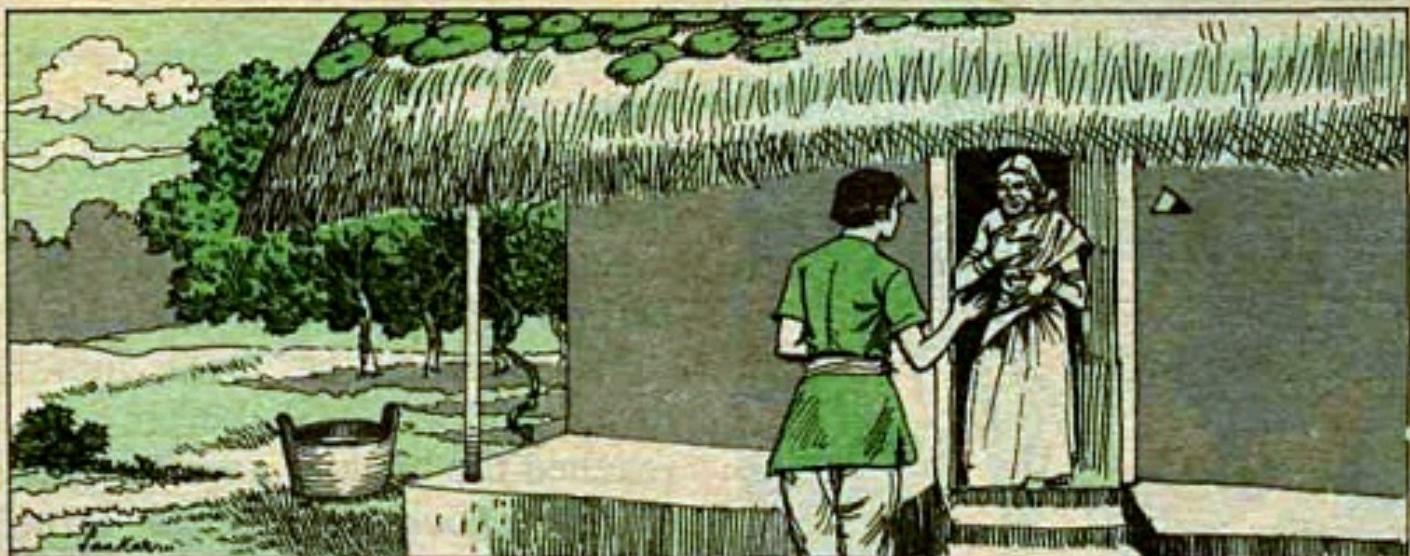
The shopkeeper knew him. He was a bit surprised, but he said nothing, under the impression that the landlord was in a hurry and would surely pay him before leaving the bazaar.

The shopkeeper's silence convinced the landlord that he had grown invisible. Overjoyed, he next entered a jeweller's shop and picked up the cash-box.

The jeweller looked puzzled, but only for a second. He pounced upon the landlord and held him tight and raised a loud cry. So many people came rushing there. Blows were rained on the robber.

The landlord returned home limping, sad but wiser!





SILENT QUESTION ANSWERED IN SILENCE

Far in the westward direction was a range of hills. In a cave in the hills lived a certain hermit. He had the power to give the correct answer to any question one asked him, or the right solution to any problem.

But to ask him a question was not easy. It was because to find him was not easy. First of all it was almost an inaccessible range of hills. Secondly, even if one reached the hills, it was difficult to locate the cave which was the hermit's dwelling. Even if one succeeded in locating it, there was no guarantee that one would meet the hermit. He might be away in the forest or engrossed in meditation!

However, Sudhir was determined to find him. He was very poor, though he never shunned work. The only dependant he had was his old mother. He felt ashamed of the fact that he could not feed her properly. He must ask the hermit how to end his misery.

So, he began his westward journey. He walked on for three days without food and three nights without sleep. But it was impossible to continue like that. On the fourth day, in the evening, he knocked on the door of a small house and sought shelter for the night.

The owner of the house, an old woman, not only gave him



shelter, but also food. Sudhir did not hide anything about his mission from the woman.

In the morning, as Sudhir would resume his journey, the woman said, "Sonny, if you find the hermit, ask him a question on my behalf. I have a daughter who is dumb. Ask him how she can find speech."

"I shall do so," promised Sudhir.

For three more days and nights he walked before he needed rest again. This time he became the guest of an old man who too had a problem.

"Sonny! I have a lemon tree in the backyard of my house.

It flowers profusely, but never fruitions. Will you please ask the hermit how to make it bear fruits?" said the old man.

Sudhir promised to do so before taking leave of his host.

He walked for three more days and nights before he reached the bank of a river. He sat on a rock and thought how to cross over to the other side when he was frightened by a gigantic serpent raising its hood from the water.

"Don't fret, young traveller, I mean no harm. Perhaps you wish to cross the river. But may I know why? All you have on the other side is a range of hills surrounded by a dangerous forest!" said the snake.

"I wish to meet a certain hermit who answers questions correctly," said Sudhir.

"I know of him. Let me take you to the other side," said the serpent and he carried Sudhir on his hood. When Sudhir dismounted, the serpent said, "I have a request. Please ask the hermit how I am to get back my true form. I have already lived as a serpent for a thousand years."

Sudhir agreed to put the question to the hermit, and left.

He had to wander in the forest

and the hills for three more days, narrowly escaping the fearful beasts, before he spied upon the hermit. Sudhir was delighted to see that the hermit was in a mood to talk. But his delight was short-lived. The hermit agreed to answer any three questions, not four.

Sudhir was in a fix. Whose question should he ignore? The old woman's? She must be anxiously waiting for the answer! So also must be the other two.

Must he forgo his own question—for which he had taken so much pain, had risked his life? Well, that is what he finally decided to do!

He duly put the three questions to the hermit and received the answers and took leave of him.

Three days later he met the serpent.

"Did you put my question to the hermit? If you did, what was his reply?" asked the serpent.

"You shall be liberated from your present form the moment you do two good works," said Sudhir.

"What are they?"

"The first good work will be to take me to the other side of



the bank," replied Sudhir.

The serpent carried Sudhir to the other side.

"And the second work would be to shed the jewel that is there on your hood," said Sudhir.

"I cannot shed it unless someone plucks it. Will you please do it? You can then own it," proposed the serpent.

Sudhir was happy to relieve the serpent of the jewel. At once the serpent changed into his real self—he was a gundharva under curse—and blessed Sudhir and disappeared.

Three days later Sudhir was at the old man's house.

"Your lemon tree will abound in fruits if you dig out the treasure that is buried under it," he informed the old man.

The same evening they dug at the spot. What a treasure they found! A thousand pieces of gold!

"Please, my son, take half of this," insisted the old man. Sudhir accepted the offer.

Three days of walk again and he was at the old woman's hut.

"Your daughter would begin speaking the moment she meets the young man whom she is destined to marry!" said Sudhir.

He had hardly finished saying this when the woman's charming daughter came running there and, as soon as her eyes fell on Sudhir, asked, "Who is he, mother?"

"She has spoken!" exclaimed the woman.

The very next day their marriage was performed. Sudhir hired a cart and led his bride home.

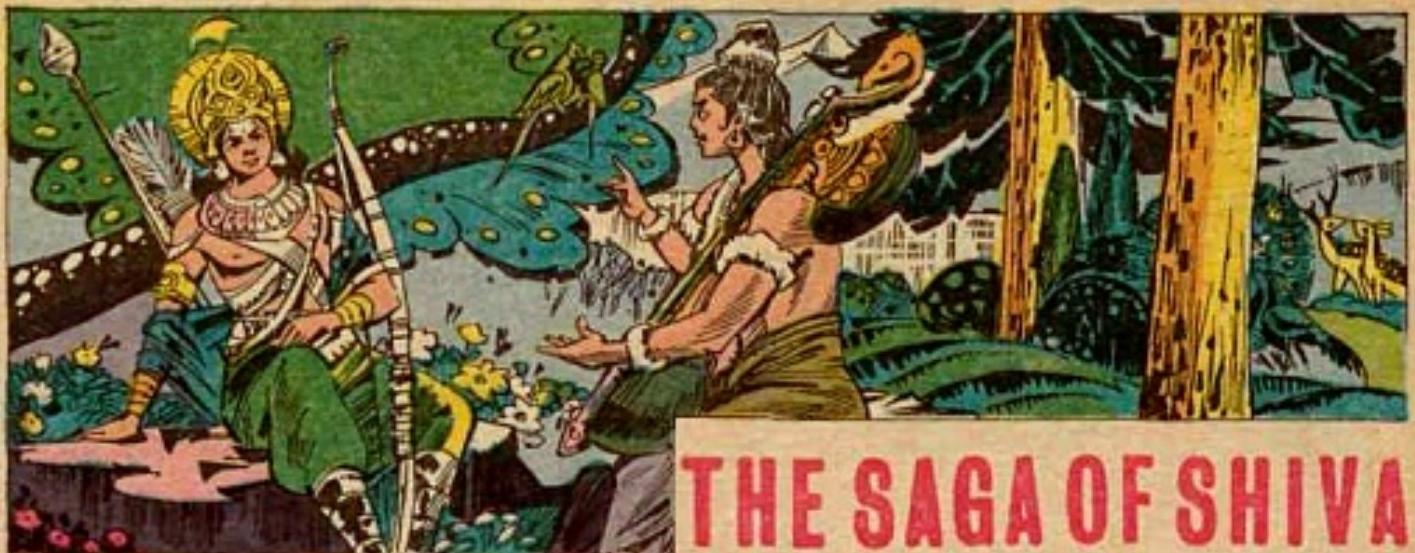
But his old mother had grown blind, weeping, on account of his absence.

"Only if you could see, mother, what I have brought!" said Sudhir presenting to her the bride and the serpent's jewel.

What a miracle! She could see—first the jewel and then the bride. The jewel had the power to restore sight to the blind.

When the mother heard Sudhir's adventure in detail, she explained that by being selfless before the hermit, he had received the correct reply to the question that had remained unasked. Sudhir's question, after all, was, how he would get over his poverty.





THE SAGA OF SHIVA

Kumar killed a number of demons who were the friends of Tarakasur. As there was peace in all the three spheres, he too lived in peace in heaven.

But soon he felt the urge to return to his parents. He took leave of the gods and reached Kailash where he lived happily under Mother Parvati's care.

One day, as Kumar wandered alone in the beautiful woods near Kailash, Narada descended before him and greeted him.

"O Sage, you roam about in the earth as well as in heaven. Are the people and the gods happy?" asked Kumar.

"They are happy, now that the terror that was Tarakasur is no more. But sometimes I hear some of them remark..." Narada stopped.

"What do they remark, O Sage?" asked Kumar.

"They say that they would be happier to see the young god, Kumar, married!" Narada reported with a smile.

"Well, such a possibility had never occurred to me," said the amused Kumar.

"I can understand that. But I am sure it could not but have occurred to you had you caught a glimpse of Valli," observed Narada.

"Who is Valli?" queried Kumar.

"Pulinda, the childless tribal chief who rules over a sylvan region at the foot of the hills, once found an infant girl in the forest. He adopted her. She is Valli, non pareil for her beauty," said Narada. Soon he left Kumar to brood over the proposal and reached Pulinda's house.

Pulinda warmly received the



sage. When his daughter, Valli, came to bow down to the holy guest, Narada asked, "Pulinda, what about your daughter's marriage?"

"I am yet to find a suitable young man to match her!" said the tribal chief.

"Have you ever thought of Kumar, the son of Shiva and Parvati? I am sure, he alone would prove the perfect match for your daughter," informed Narada.

Pulinda was delighted at the prospect of Valli's marriage with Kumar. He was an ardent devotee of Lord Shiva. Nothing could be more pleasant for

him than to get Kumar for his son-in-law.

Valli who overheard the conversation was amazed. She had heard the remarkable adventures and achievements of the young god. The thought that he could be her husband kept her engrossed. She forgot play and all preoccupations that marked the life of a princess. Her maids did not know how to keep her in good humour.

One day they led her into that part of the forest which was charming for its flowery trees and cool lakes and playful deer galore. The princess sat down under a tree, lost in her thoughts on Kumar. While singing and dancing around her, the maids of Valli spied upon a wonderful young man, the like of whom they had never seen, relaxing under a tree a furlong behind them.

The chief of the maids ran to him and said, "Young man! You have strayed into a forbidden area. This part of the forest is reserved for Princess Valli and her companions to roam about."

"I am sorry. I am unfamiliar with this region, for I live on Kailash," replied the stranger.

The maid surveyed him with untold interest and asked, "Are you by any chance Kumar?"

"Indeed, I am the son of Shiva and Parvati," replied Kumar.

The maid reached Valli in a few bounds and told her whom she had discovered. Kumar also came to know that only a few yards of space separated him from Valli, the girl of his dreams. The maids brought the young god and the beautiful princess together.

"O Princess, from what I understood from Narada, you are meant for me. Come, let us marry," proposed Kumar.

"That is possible only with the consent of my parents," said the blushing Valli in a tender tone.

The parents of both the sides got the intelligence of their

children's desire. They were too happy to arrange for the marriage. Kumar and Valli lived in Kailash.

It was around this time that a demon-king named Gajasur grew very powerful. With Shonitpur for his station, he soon brought much of the three spheres under his control. But he was a great devotee of Shiva and a strong ruler.

"Gajasur! A great devotee that you are, why don't you ask Shiva for a new kind of boon? Why don't you ask Him to dwell in your heart forever?" Narada put the idea into Gajasur.

"Why not!" exclaimed the excited Gajasur. He sat in deep penance and invoked Shiva's Grace and obtained from Him the unique boon. Shiva dwelt in his heart.



ADVENTURES OF MINTOO

TRAPPED IN THE TUNNEL

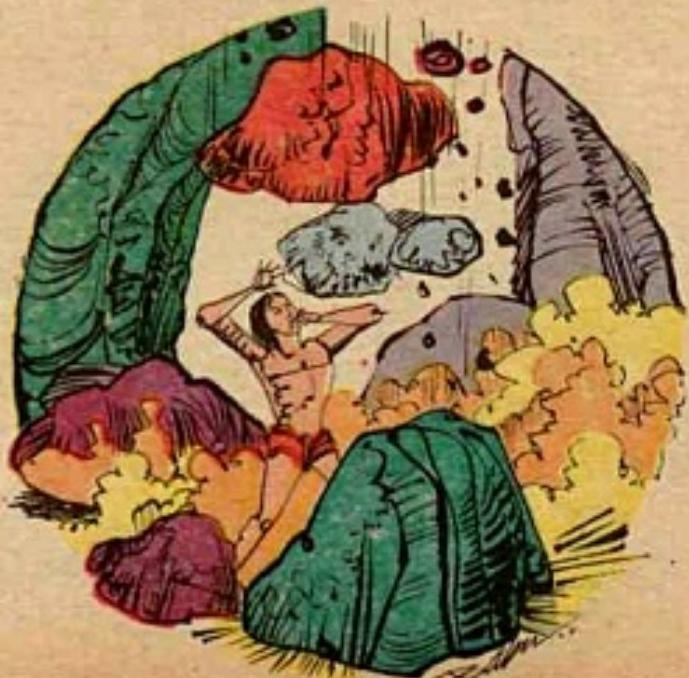


Through a narrow opening, Mintoo slid into the tunnel, while Meena looked on surprised.

The hill in the forest of Sonbon had many caves and a mysterious tunnel. "I can just disappear," one day Mintoo announced to Meena while showing her the hill.



Mintoo was inside the tunnel with which he was quite familiar. He gave out a cry and the interior of the hill resounded with a hundred echoes.



Suddenly something strange happened. Huge boulders fell down before and behind Mintoo. Dust rising from them blinded him.



Mintoo found himself a prisoner in the dark tunnel. He moved about and cried madly, but only response that came was from the bats.

"My cry could not have brought about this. This must be earthquake," said Mintoo. To his dismay, he saw the entrance of the tunnel blocked by a rock.



Outside, Meena who had been stunned by the earthquake, soon began calling out for Mintoo. Jhandoo joined her. In vain did both try to remove the huge rock that had blocked the tunnel.



From a crack at the top of the tunnel, a beam of sunray focused on a nook. Going there, what should Mintoo see but a human skeleton !

CONTD.



A fantastic vision

Mohan Chowdhury was a wealthy man. At fifty he lost his wife. He had no children.

But he was looked after well by Ravi, the orphan young man who lived in his house. Ravi took care of his master's property with as much alertness as he took care of his master's health.

Ravi knew a girl named Ganga. She belonged to a village four miles away. Both met in a weekly market. They were much attracted towards each other.

Once Chowdhury accompanied Ravi to the market. That day Ganga and Ravi could not talk, but smiled at each other.

Chowdhury observed the girl. From Ravi he gathered her father's name.

Chowdhury had no idea that Ravi had anything more to do with the girl than just knowing her.

Unknown to Ravi, Chowdhury passed a sleepless night. He had been extremely fascinated by Ganga.

In the morning he sent a messenger to Ganga's father proposing his own marriage with Ganga. The proposal was immediately accepted. Ganga's father was sure that Chowdhury's wealth would make his daughter happy.

The date for the marriage was fixed. Chowdhury, however,

did not wish to make a ceremony of his marriage at that age—at least not in his own village. He sent a good amount of money to Ganga's father with instructions to arrange for all festivities only at that end.

Needless to say, Ravi and Ganga felt quite upset.

Chowdhury took only Ravi with him when he went to the bride's village. He was to spend the night in a school house. The marriage was to take place in the morning.

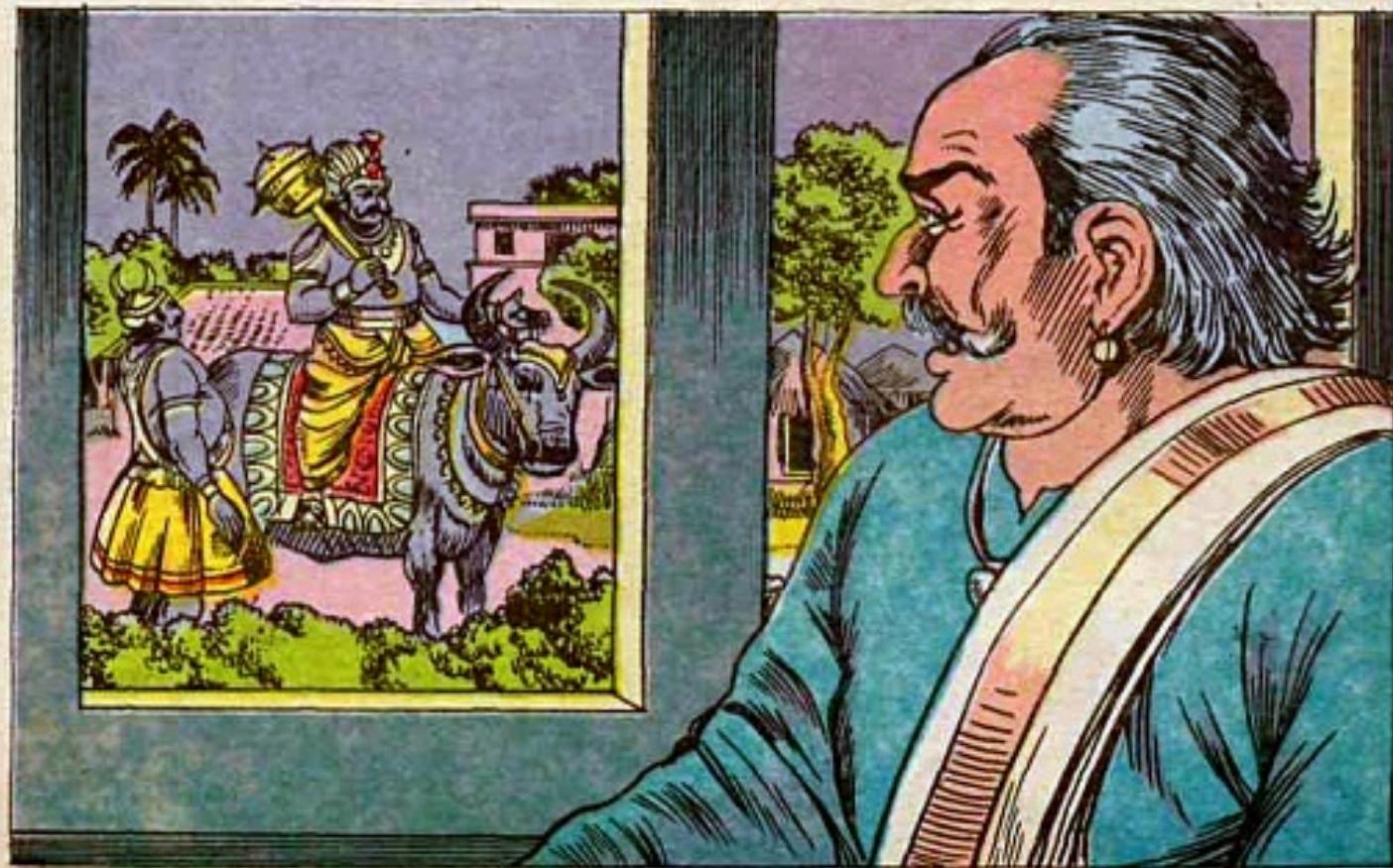
A wild laughter woke him up at the dead of night. He looked out through the window. What he saw was fantastic! Yama, the

god of death, seated on a buffalo, was talking to his assistant.

"My lord, had you not come down yourself, it would have been very difficult for me to bring the old woman's soul out of her body. She put up such a resistance!" the assistant said.

"You won't have to face the same sort of difficulty when you would come next, after a week, to fetch the soul of Mohan Chowdhury, who is passing his night here!" said Yama.

Chowdhury, shivering to his backbone, gave a shake to Ravi and asked him to look out. Ravi fluttered his eyes open and



looked, but confessed that he saw nothing!

Chowdhury sighed and told himself, "It is because my death is approaching that I was able to see the ominous sight."

He knew that an old woman of the village had died in the evening. He grew sure that he was to die in a week. He sat muttering the name of Rama, the Saviour.

In the morning he presented himself at the bride's festive house, but told her father, "Pardon me, gentleman, not I, but this young man is the bridegroom." He brought Ravi forward.

"How do you say so, Chowdhury? How can I marry my daughter to a poor lad like him?" protested Ganga's father.

"He is no poor. I adopt him right now. He is the heir

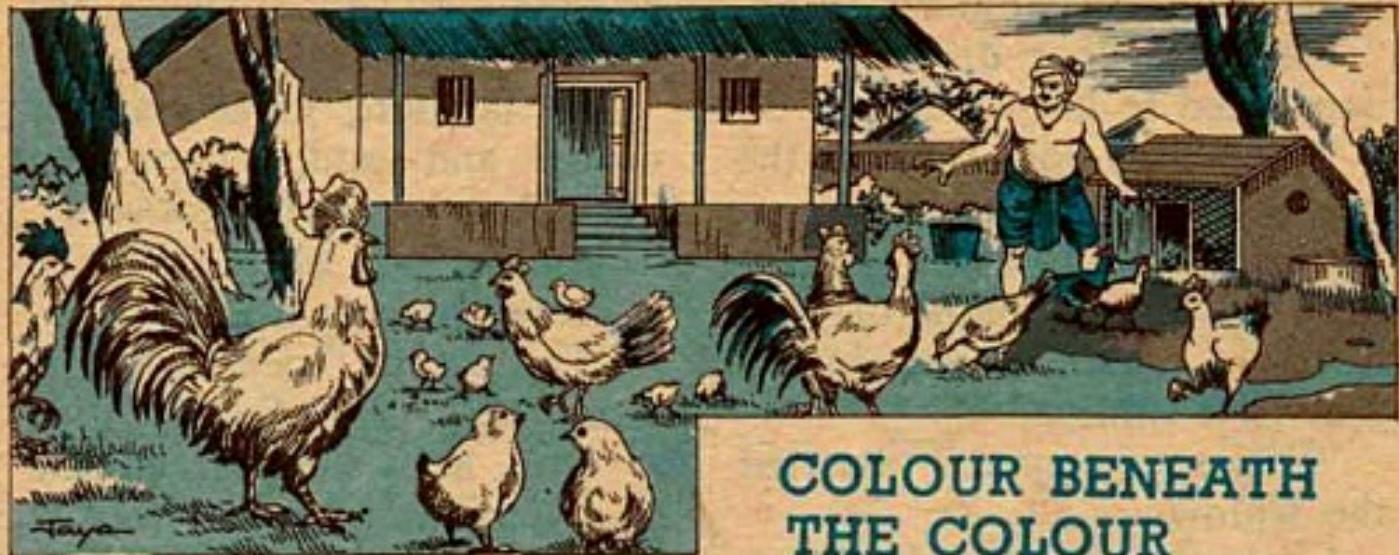
to all my wealth," declared Chowdhury.

Ganga's father saw no reason to decline the offer. The marriage was performed with pomp and show.

Most active among those who organised the ceremony were the two friends of Ravi who had acted as Yama and his assistant. All that they had required of Ravi was that he must pretend to see nothing when Chowdhury would draw his attention to the terrifying sight.

A week passed; then a month and a year. Chowdhury did not die. But he had turned into such an ardent devotee of Rama that he was neither afraid of death nor curious to know why Yama changed his decision. He spent most of his time in the temple. Ravi and Ganga managed the household.





COLOUR BENEATH THE COLOUR

In a certain village lived an old widow. Among her pets was a white fowl. It was a robust and handsome bird. Whoever saw it, appreciated it.

One evening the fowl was not to be seen. The widow searched for it in the neighbourhood, but in vain. She passed a sleepless night.

The fowl, in one of its happy moods, had reached the other end of the village. Sundar who owned a roost of fowls saw it and felt the temptation to add it to his stock. But many in the village knew the widow's pet. In order to deceive all, he bathed the fowl in yellow and shut it in his henhouse.

The fowl passed the night as Sundar's prisoner. In the morning, as soon as Sundar opened the henhouse for his own fowls to come out, it also leaped out

and ran away at great speed. Sundar chased it and once lay his hands on it, but flapping the wings and screeching aloud, it slipped away.

In its nervous flight it entered the compound of Gopal. Immediately he took hold of it and fastened it to a pillar. He planned to sell it in the market in the afternoon. Lest its owner should claim it, he bathed it in white.

The fowl which was originally white, looked white again.

The widow had resumed her search for the fowl. She was accompanied by a few of her well-wishers. The party, in the process of their inquiry, soon reached Gopal's house and the widow exclaimed, "There—there is my poor fowl!"

But Gopal protested. They quarrelled loudly. That attracted a passer-by who was none

other than the landlord.

"What is your dispute?" he demanded to know.

"I find my lost fowl in the possession of this fellow," complained the widow.

"What is the colour of your fowl?" asked Gopal, hiding a derisive smile.

"White, of course!" asserted the widow.

Looking at the landlord, Gopal said, "Sir, this fowl, which is mine, is yellow by its true colour. I bathed it in white for fun!"

"Can you prove it?" asked the landlord.

Gopal washed the fowl and it looked yellow. Gopal laughed, having succeeded in giving the lie to the widow.

Just then Sundar reached the spot and laid his claim to the fowl. "This is mine. My fowl

was the only yellow fowl in the village," he claimed.

The landlord looked at the widow and said, "Now you know that this fowl is not yours, for this is not white. This is either Sundar's or Gopal's!"

"This is mine," said the widow firmly and, while Sundar tried to stop her, she washed the fowl once more and it looked white!

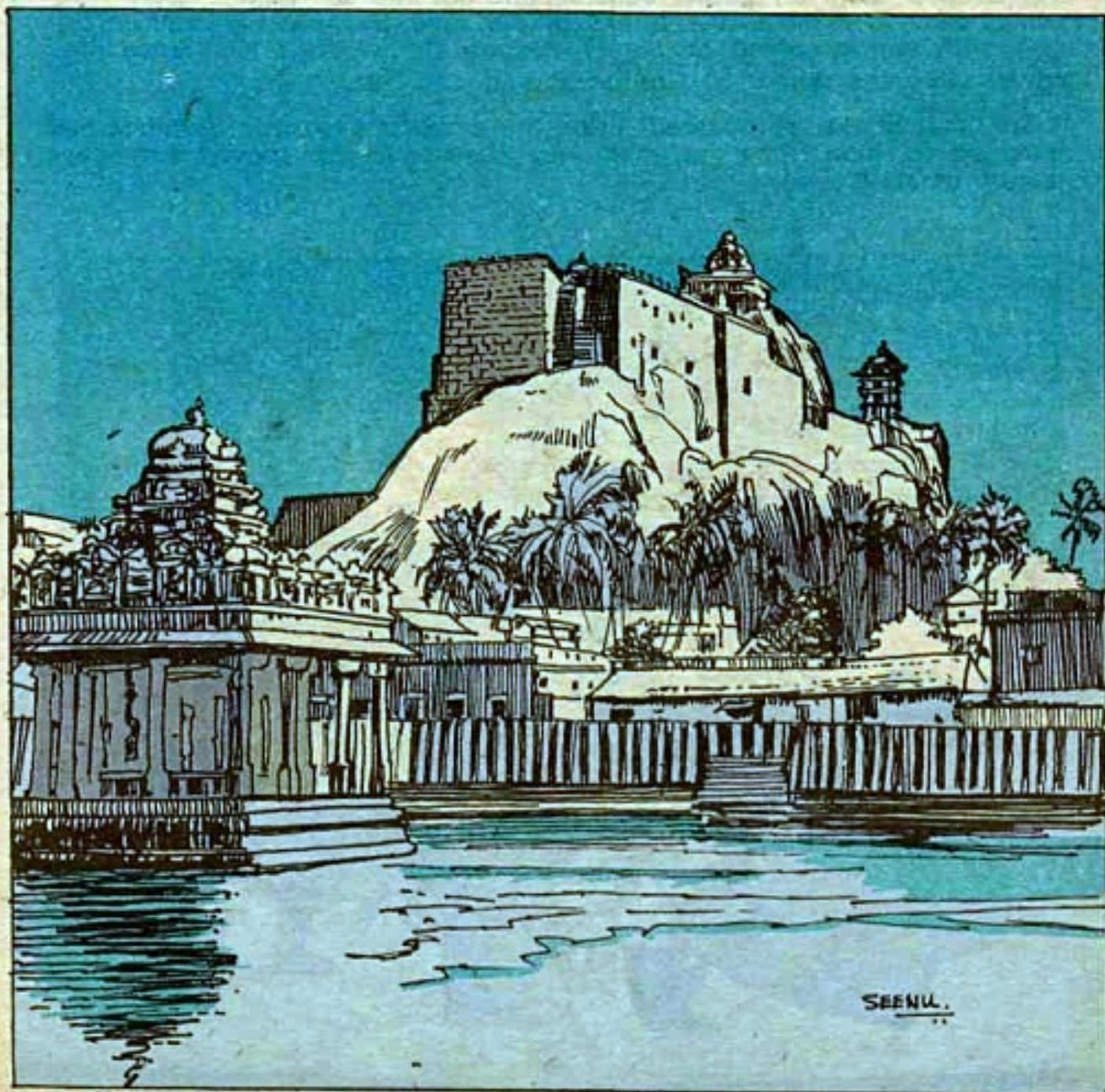
The landlord now looked angrily at Sundar and Gopal. "You culprits! Both of you claimed the fowl to be yellow. Now we know its true colour. It belongs to this woman. One of you had coloured it yellow, to hide its whiteness. The other coloured it white to hide its yellowness. You must pay fine of fifty rupees each!"

No amount of entreatment softened the landlord.



ROCK FORT OF TIRUCHIRAPALLI

The famous Rock Fort of Tiruchirapalli rises from the plains to a height of 83 metres. Although much of its thousand-pillared *Mandapam* was destroyed in an explosion that occurred in 1772, it is still a magnificent sight with four hundred and thirty-four steps hewn into the rockside, leading to an ancient temple of Ganesha. Yet another temple at the top is dedicated to Shiva. The structure of the fort looks solid and invincible.

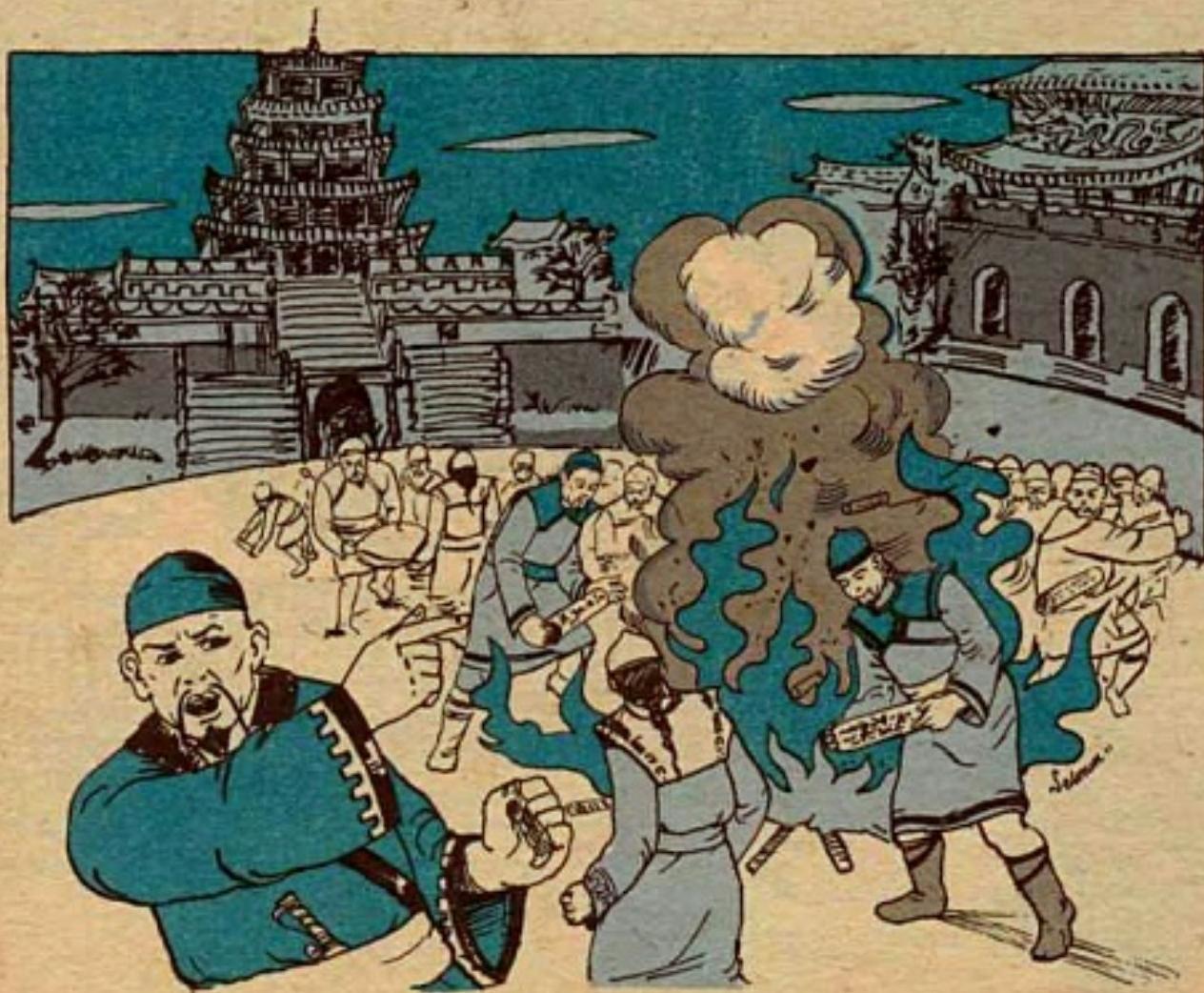


A COUNTRYWIDE BONFIRE OF BOOKS

Around the time when Emperor Ashoka ruled in India, there was a monarch in China called Tsi Huang Ti. In fact, historians refer to him as the first ruler of China who could be called an emperor.

It occurred to him that his subjects should not have too many ideas. Since ideas came from books, he ordered all the books in his empire to be burnt. Soldiers searched every possible place for books and heaped them on public squares and set fire to them. They were not as easy to burn as the books of our time because they were round logs with words carved on them! Among the works which were destroyed were the works of Confucius and Lao Tse.

But the books reappeared after the emperor's death. Scholars had managed to hide them or memorise them. It was proved that ideas cannot be destroyed.





LET US KNOW

Who invented Television?

Satyanarayan Das, Baroda.

Television as we know it now is the result of a continuous research spread over at least a century to which hundreds of scientists have made their contributions.

Of the three aspects of the phenomenon, namely (1) the analysis of the light image into electrical signals, (2) the transmission of such signals, and (3) the synthesis of a visible reproduction of the original image from the electric signals, a headway was made concerning the first aspect when, in 1884, Paul Nipkov hit upon the practical means for analyzing a picture into a form which could be electrically transmitted. The means he suggested is known as the Nipkov disk.

However, it was on January 26, 1926 that K.L. Baird of Scotland demonstrated the real television at the Royal Institution in London. His contemporary in the U.S.A. who was equally successful was C. F. Jenkins.

A number of other scientists helped in improving upon the invention.

The British Broadcasting Corporation began its television programme in 1930. Next to introduce it was Germany, in 1935.

(Readers are requested not to send new questions for a few months. Let your magazine finish answering at least a part of the backlog of questions.)

PHOTO CAPTION CONTEST



Mr. M. Natarajan



Mr. Nirmal Kumar

Can you formulate a caption in a few words, to suit these pictures related to each other? If yes, you may write it on a post card and mail to Photo Caption Contest, Chandamama, to reach us by 20th of the current month. A reward of Rs. 25/- will go to the best entry which will be published in the issue after the next.

The Prize for the July '79 goes to :

Ms. N. B. Yamini, D/o. Sri N. Balakrishnia,
78 'A', 14th Cross, Lakkasandra Extension, Bangalore 30.

The Winning Entry : 'Curious with Caution' — 'Alert for Action'



PICKS FROM
OUR MAIL BAG

Dear Sir,

Your answer on the question, how are many Buddhists non-vegetarian, ("Let us Know," February 1979) was most convincing and enlightening. The same can be said about your answers on the origin of caste system (May, 1979). I suggest that you pick more such questions which require knowledge and insight to answer and less of questions which require only facts. After all, readers can get the facts from general knowledge books.

Dr. (Miss) Kavita Mitra, Calcutta.

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Mina Hated Geometry

Nothing was tiring and boring like Geometry for Mina

It never interested her.
Those acute and obtuse angles, those parallelograms and the hexagons.
She was miserable.

And then it happened,
Her brother Raju, bought her a beautiful yellow
and orange instrument box. Crystal clear set
square and protractor, silvershine streamlined
compass.

Mina just fell in love with the box and the
instruments. That night she dreamt of herself
climbing the peak of a triangle, rolling inside a
circle, balancing on a scale. What fun!

Now she couldn't help liking Geometry—the
hexagons and the parallelograms.

Now Mina Loves Geometry



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Results of Chandamama—Camlin Colouring Contest No. 9 (English)

1st Prize : Debesh Roy, New Delhi - 19. **2nd Prize :** Jayshree Krishnakumar, Darjeeling - 734 101. **3rd Prize :** Poonam Jayakar, Bombay - 400 054. **Consolation Prizes :** Venance B. Rebello, Bombay - 400 064; Sheela N., Bangalore - 71; A. V. Borkar, Miraj; Ashok D. Kulkarni, New Delhi - 110 057; N. Raghuram, Bombay - 62.

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